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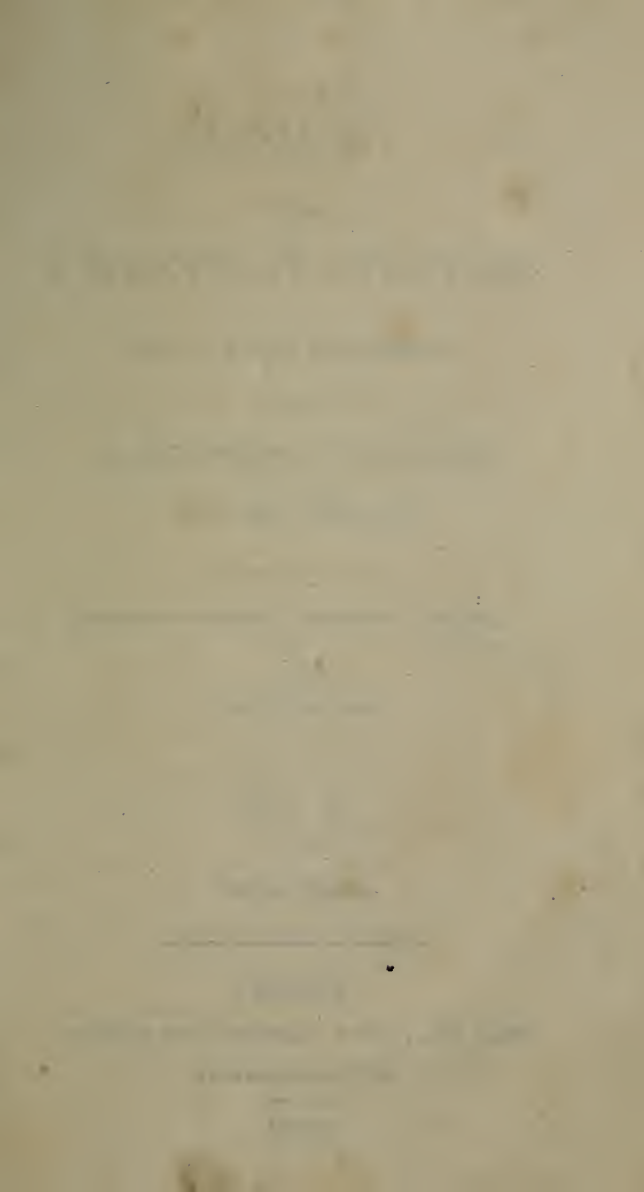
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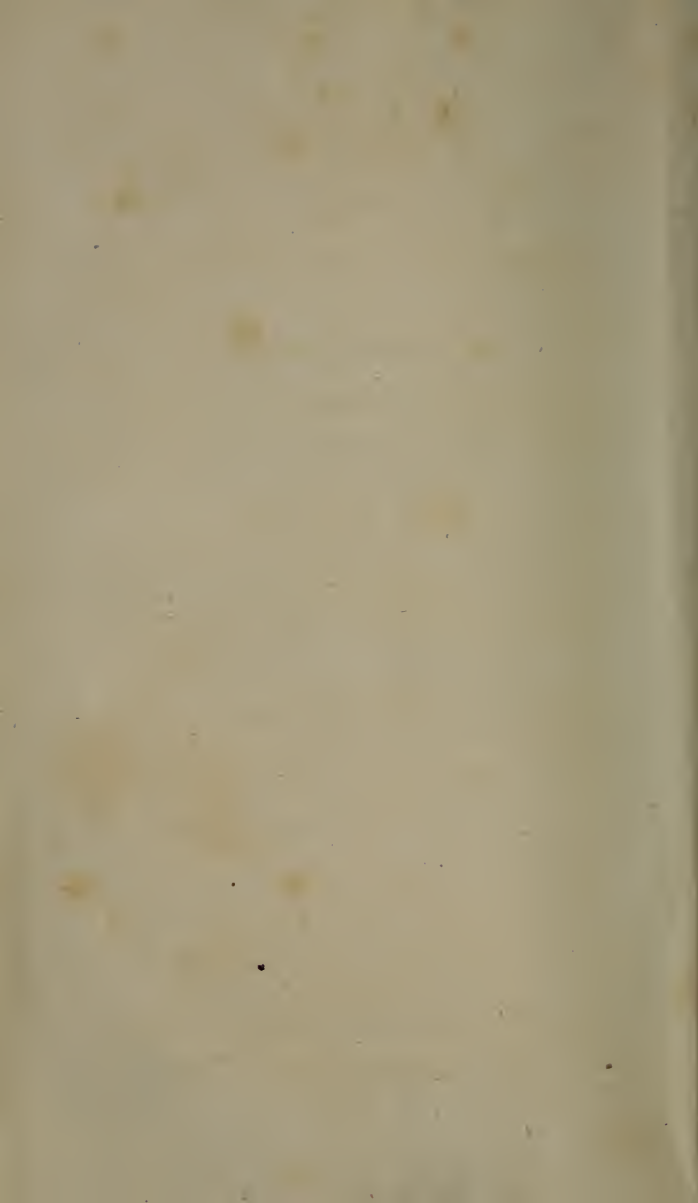
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LONDON :

OR,

A MONTH AT STEVENS'S,

BY A LATE RESIDENT.

A SATIRICAL NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Chaque age a ses plaisirs son esprit et ses mœurs.

BOILEAU.

Veluti in speculum.

VOL. II.

Second Edition.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,

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L O N D O N :

OR,

A MONTH AT STEVENS'S.

CHAPTER I.

As we never shall again see Colonel Bergamotte in his former point of view, and in order to give our readers a little respite, ere we inform them of the grief and sufferings of the M'Tavish family, we shall here give sketches of a few other fashionables who were at the Opera the last night of Susan's appearance there.

THE MARQUIS ANTIANGLICAN.

This nobleman has a very fine profile, and a distinguished air of nobility : he is of one of the first houses in the three kingdoms, and honours it well : but never had features more cold haughtiness impressed upon them ; never had Englishman an air so foreign to that of his countrymen. The singular key in which his voice is pitched, the disdainful elevation of his forehead and eye, that pride enthroned upon sickly composure, give him a cast quite peculiar to himself. His strange dress, his odd appearance on horseback, his *mane*, for you can scarcely call it hair, which hangs down in such profusion, and

which appears like the long tail of one of the horses of a hearse, buckled up in rainy weather or in dirty roads, give him a most peculiar appearance.

Then again his devotion to his pipe tends to render his visage more pale, and his lips more livid. His clothes, impregnated with smoke and musk, enable you to wind him, like the spice islands, before he comes in view.

Nor are his habits less exotic than his dress and appearance. Abstemious without severity of morals ; gouty without hospitality or hard living ; penurious without occasion, he will entertain a large company, drinking sugar and

water himself, and go to a ball or to a county meeting, wrapt up in a shawl. Italianized in his taste, he is delighted at being surrounded by fiddlers and artists, by foreign servants and poodle dogs, but his warmest attachment was to a celebrated signora, who, *soit dit en passant*, was considered as a joint concern betwixt a certain Prince and the Most Noble. He also leant towards a red faced general's wife, who leant sometimes to his lordship and sometimes to the odious Earl of L——.

Although highly bred, well informed, and greatly travelled, there is in his most condescending moments a something so uncongenial and unnatural,

that mirth and happiness seem to fly at his approach, nor does any harmony exist in his society, except it be that of his violoncello.

A young officer once waited upon him on business: he was prepared by the account of a partial friend to meet with a very well informed polite nobleman; but his lordship had either got a touch of the gout over night, or a favourite horse had got the cholic; so the peer was greatly out of humour, and higher and more imperious in his deportment than ever. He had a pair of red morocco boots on, a shabby great coat, a dark coloured shirt, and a black silk handkerchief round his neck, at the interview. He had moreover his splen-

did pipe in his mouth, and the apartment was so obnubilated with smoke, that he could scarcely be seen on entering the room, and looked not unlike the stage spectre of a departed king rising in a vapour of incense or of evil spirits, and emitting a blueish unwholesome exhalation around him. He was by no means *wordy* ; and the young man being asked by his friend what he thought of the marquis, replied, *Nil exit fumo.*

MR. VIRID.

Mr. Virid is a greenhorn in love and in fashion ; and one of the artful Mrs. St — 's triumvirate. In wedlock, nay even in the domestication of pro-

tection, it is common for the lady to bear the name of the man, and to be known (frequently celebrated) for belonging to him. In Mr. Virid's case it is quite the reverse; for his greatest celebrity, and his highest claim to fashion amongst ruffians and exquisites, is his belonging to Mrs. St——e.

Ladies of gallantry in France used sometimes to wear very elegant collars, with *j'appartiens à* upon them, in imitation of dog collars, which had engraven upon a plate, *J'appartiens à Monsieur un tel*. This ornament was worn by way of a joke. Were it in vogue in London, and were the real name of the owner, as of the protector, to be added to the *j'appartiens à*——,

it would have a more than singular effect; and in many instances it would be necessary to put *Messieurs* on the collar, or, as in the present instance, Virid and Co.

But it would be still more ridiculous if our puppies, in compliment to the Crown Prince of Sweden, were to sport collars with their mistresses, or with their keepers' names on them, or with velvet, silk, leather, hemp, and other materials, indicative of their ranks and professions, with colours emblematical of their ladies' favours, as in the days of chivalry. Were this to take place, what a list of names might be on the collar of a certain honourable general, and on that of Paddy O——! for

were such a one and company adopted, it would be difficult to know how to compose the firm, or to decide who was to have the preference of being named at the head thereof.

But to return to Mr. Virid. He derives no small consequence from being at the head of this lady's copartnery, while he probably thinks himself the sole proprietor and the active manager of the concern. We, however, know better: we know who annuitizes or allows, and who (we do not say a colonel) made her a present of an elegant chariot, which she does not sport for fear of being discovered by Mr. Virid. This hint may perhaps be more useful than agreeable to the parties; but

Dame St—— is a good financier, as well as an able general in these matters.

OLD FLAT,

The Banker, who would do better to stick to his long annuities, his consols, bank stock, and reduced three per cents. to his exchequer and navy bills, and finally to his shop and counter, than to make himself a fool by apeing the fashionables in town, in keeping an expensive mistress, who is more down than himself. He is one of the elderly gentlemen who supply amusement, and excite the enterprise of younger and more successful swains, one of those would-be anacreons, who stock the sportsman's cover in the vicinity of

London, and against whom all prosecutions for trespass, all rewards, threats, and prohibitions, are totally useless; nay, even only serve to give *eclat* to the undertaking.

It is also rumoured that Flat's sleeping partner receives a ray of instruction, or a ray of hope, or perhaps a ray of joy, from another quarter. Doubtless she would make light of the subject to the old financier; but one must be very dark and cloudy not to perceive it. *Au surplus*, old Flat is a very honest man, a perfectly good sort of fellow, and *sans doute* affects to be quite a moral character. All these old fools who keep sly mistresses in corners, who debauch dress-makers, and make wet nurses of

their cooks and chamber-maids, talk morality, *ore rotundo*, and descant unmercifully on the vice and depravity of the age. What a hopeful age it must be in which their bright examples might be quoted in support of church and state!

His *bella donna* (as may be expected), although she has an eye to the monied interest of the country, yet is not confined to the banking system only; and whilst old Flat is vesting his capital in the sinking fund, she attends to omnium, and omnes attend to her. No one knows the rate of omnium better than herself, nor when stocks are likely to rise. A loan she has no objection to on personal security; but she gives

no indentures tripartite, no bonds, (these would prove a want of judgment) no promissory notes or paper currency for the cash, unless it be a promise to meet, or paper in the form of a *billet-doux*, both of which she can issue to any extent without bankrupting her heart, or payment being stopped by the firm of old Flat.

PRATTLE AND TATTLE

Are two mighty good kind of men. These are the censors of youth, the voters against toleration, the emblems of matrimonial propriety, and the condemners of libertinism in both sexes. Unlike a certain withered duke, whose gilded memory of former amorous prowess,

———*Meminisse juvabit.* VIRG.

these carriers on of the moral hoax seem to say "all hail forgetfulness!" for they do not at all remember what they and their dear ribs were; whilst the latter quite forget that they ever went astray, and curl the disdainful nostril at fallen stars brighter and more innocent than they. But to begin with the first, and to tell you *cui nomine gaudet*.

This worthy is named Prattle, and he is now turned of seventy. He is a very rich old fellow, and a great gambler; but games of chance not always succeeding with him to his mind, he turned his head to the love game. Walking down Oxford-street one day with his hands in his breeches pockets, and his eyes

upon every smart ankle which passed him ; this greybeard

“ Wandered on, not knowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought.”

He met by chance (this was delightful to a playman) with a genteel-looking woman. “ A fine evening M^a’am” was most probably the old gentleman’s salute at the time (but another salute succeeded it). “ Very fine indeed,” answered ma’am, with a great air of modesty and a dejected eye, added to a quickened step, something like the Circus horses which seem to get on at a devil of a rate, yet make little or no way : for this apparently precipitate step is often the first step in intrigue: it indicates retreat or flight, but invites pursuit, and other

steps to be taken. "It looks as if we should have rain." (It looked no such thing); but then if an old beau has an umbrella under his arm, it furnishes a relief in the conversation, which in the first instance has been regulated by the barometer or the thermometer, and which grows warmer or cooler by the rising of the mercury, or the spirits of wine; and again, it approximates two bodies when the offer of the parapluie is made.

After these amorous preliminaries, and weather-glassical observations, an interesting conversation ensued. Madame had been well brought up; and old Prattle had a perspective of domestication now placed in the happiest point

of view. Prattle was in possession of a wife ; but what of that ? So is half the town. The lady promised to meet him again ; and they concluded a treaty of support and amity. The old goldfinch took a house for her ; and he solaced her in her loneliness, so that in the course of time he had children dear, in number, three, which made him think a good deal of himself, and which attached him the more to the mother.

One day “ his wife died, and ’tis said that he cried ;” but we don’t believe that. He took the earliest opportunity of marrying his *chere amie*, and they have lived very happily ever since, but with the mock-modest consequential air I have just observed.

We next come to Mr. TATTLE, an old buck of the same stamp, and nearly under similar circumstances.

Of the gay ladies present, were,—

MRS. D—O—S,

A very pretty woman. She honoured a young deacon ; and yet not a clergyman, nor in holy orders, but under those orders which waft the British thunder in our wooden walls from pole to pole : he was one of those of whom it might be said,

——— Oh ! glorious, happy care !
To bid Britannia's navies greatly dare ;
And through the vassal seas triumphant reign,

To either India waft victorious warre,
To join the poles in trade's unbounded chain,
And bid the British throne the mighty whole
sustain ;

*(Julius Mickle's poem of Sir Martyn,
in the style of Spencer)*

and, like his brethren in the profession,
he was generous and prodigal of his
gold whilst it lasted. But being re-
duced first by the drafts of this fair lady
on his purse, and secondly by being put
on half pay, he was forced to resign his
delectable prize to heavier weight of
metal.

A Mr. H—r—s next became her pro-
tector, and was so enamoured of her,
that he not only expended large sums
for her use, but, on leaving her, pro-
mised to settle two thousand pounds

upon her, to return in a short time, and to marry her. Day has however succeeded day, and month has rolled on month, but the infidel has never returned: the two thousand pieces have never made their appearance, and madame is still unmarried.

She is now *disposable* to good taste, good appearance, and, above all, to a long purse. Few women have been more admired than Mrs. D. and few women pride admiration more. She is extremely affected ; but many men admire a fine woman the more for that failing. We are informed that she took Mr. H—r—s's conduct much to heart, and that it preyed on her spirits for a long time. It was indeed too bad to raise, unnecessa-

rily too, her expectations so high, and then to desert her without even assigning a cause, or writing an apologetical explanatory consolatory letter.

A glittering figure sat in front of a box, whose dress was costly, becoming, and elegant: it was

MRS. P—S—T.

The diamond ring of a peer, the pearls of a baronet, and the massy gold chains of a fashionable commoner, might be recognized amongst her ornaments. Her laces were exquisitely beautiful; her whole attire magnificent and well-chosen; yet it is said she has no

amant à titre, no *milord pot-au-feu* ; but, as the cyprian train term it, she has a number of very good friends, so that her decorations give one the idea of a subscription plate at a race, where many a man's bank note goes to make up the prize.

It is a very *mauvais faute* ; but yet there is a fashion in these commonwealth Paphians, as there is a ton in being the protector or supporter of some celebrated mistress, some modern Pyrrha, or some subaltern Cleopatra ; and a number of our gay fashionable butterflies might be observed fluttering around her. Her house in York Street is not less elegant in point of furniture than her person is in respect to

ornamental dress ; and, in a word, she is expensively and sumptuously appointed in every thing.

She is a particularly good-natured woman, and is much liked even by her own sex, we mean by those who form the light troops of our country.

LADY DEMIREP.

Lady D. does not absolutely come under the denomination of a *maitresse entretenue*, nor of one of the cyprian light cavalry or light infantry, who skirmish about doing what execution they can, and making rich booty when the campaign affords it ; but she is some-

thing higher and lower, something between both, a mistress with temporary rank, and a cyprian by taste and election. Her charms are now decaying fast; but her inclinations are so many evergreens.

We remember the time when a most amiable trio used to associate together; her ladyship, Lady O. and Mrs. W. who is by name and nature game. They were all at an inn together, rusticated and domesticated with three mates, who were not their husbands. It is curious that almost all the first letters of the alphabet stand for right honourables, or baronetted ladies of gallantry. A, B, two C. C, D, E, F, two G. G, &c.

Lady D. it should be added, has a taste for play as well as for amatory enterprise.

CHAPTER II.

THE parent alone who has lost a darling child can participate and sympathize in M'Tavish's feelings. Wounded in his pride, agonized with apprehensions, torn by struggling tenderness, and inflamed with resentment, his mind could scarcely endure the conflict, which almost drove him to insanity. His beloved daughter was gone. She had dishonoured her family perhaps, yet he could not bring his mind to think her guilty. Could guilt dwell in a mind so pure? Could vice lurk in bosom so soft and fair? "Oh! no," exclaimed the old laird, 'Susan has never consent-

ed to infamy." Her mother, however, less charitable, less partial, reviled her in the strongest terms. Her baseness, her ingratitude, her pride, her thoughtlessness, all were named and magnified, and the whole blame was cast on Susan.

In this state of agony, Mr. M'Tavish sent for M'Rorie, to console, and to direct him in his search after the destroyer of his peace. The colonel's horses now arrived at the hotel. The distracted father was ready to immolate both horse and man. All that he could collect from his servant was, that he had gone to France in his own chaise and four posters, and had sent his other carriages to town. Just as he was thinking of

following him thither, M'Rorie entered the apartment. He had heard from Stevens the disaster of the family, and made up his countenance accordingly. Vague pretensions to Susan had lain concealed in his breast, and the M'Tavish property appeared very desirable; but since that period he had lost all hope of obtaining his fair cousin's hand; and the laird was encumbering his property, so that in all probability a few weeks would see him actually distressed.

The laird had foolishly answered for a debt of a frail fair one, who well knew how in hours of secrecy to betray feelings of misplaced tenderness. These arrests are very frequent with cyprians; and the humanity of a lover, who will

not see them dragged to a prison, is powerfully and successfully played upon. Creditors and attornies are always very civil and accommodating in taking a gentleman's word, because they derive three advantages from it; first, they have a better security; secondly, they are certain of their money either by coercion, or the fear of exposure on the part of the new obligant; and thirdly, fresh securities and fresh actions produce increased profits to the lawyer; and the lawyer and creditor play into each others hands.

M'Rorie being in possession of all the secrets of the family, and knowing his kinsman's difficulties, now assumed a very different tone to that of the humble

vassal, like one which heretofore he exhibited. How often haughty pride sinks to abject meanness, and stoops to the lowest inferiors, when debt or the concealment of error make man first the slave of his passions, and next the slave of slaves ! This was the case with the humiliated chief. He received M'Rorie with more than usual kindness and confidence, unbosomed his sorrows to him, and cast himself upon him as his only friend.

Did the lawyer warmly correspond with such feeling ? Did a good heart humble itself to meet and to raise up a fallen friend ? Did a noble spirit elevate suffering greatness on a higher pinnacle than successful power could ever place

it? In a word, did the humble relative improve the opportunity of elevating himself by an oblivion of former arrogance, and a sympathy for present woe? No, he felt his own mean consequence: he saw how necessary he was: he gloried in the revenge which the vassal might take on his chief, on the opportunity which the ass possessed of trampling the fallen lion under his feet. He had already made money of his relative, and he was resolved to become his master in this luckless day and hour of danger.

Instead, therefore, of crouching like the spaniel, as he was wont to do, of holding out the expecting hand which was to be honoured by M'Tavish's

grasp, of waiting in a bent-forward attitude to be desired to sit down, he abruptly took a seat, shrugged up his shoulders, looked stern, cold, and dry, and motioning Mrs. M'Tavish to leave the room, made the following harangue:

“Mr. M'Tavish.” “Don't mister me,” replied the laird indignantly: “though I am in grief, I am still the chief of my name; and if I had my clan here, I would sacrifice the colonel, and erase from the surface of the earth his name and race.” “Nonsense, cousin,” continued the lawyer: “this is no place for highland clans, no proper period for mountain arrogance.” The laird here was going to rise from his chair, and to crush the worm before him; but con-

science made a coward of him : he curbed his resentment, which almost choaked him, and doing violence to his noble nature, and to the organ of speech, said, in a let-down tone: “ Cousin Rorie, if you were in distress, and had sent for me, I should not behave towards you as you do to me ; but continue.” “ I take d — d good care never to want any man’s assistance,” said M’Rorie, negligently playing with the bell-rope ; “ but I wish to give you good advice.

“ You have sadly involved your property, and to make matters worse, you are on the eve of disgracing yourself by being arrested on account of your Crawford Street friend : not content with being too often in her quarters, you now

have chosen to stand in her shoes.” (Here he smiled at his own wit, but he smiled alone). “ I should not at all wonder if at this moment bailiffs were about the house. You cannot expect me always to procure you money, nor to distress myself for any one breathing. If you are arrested, who is to bail you ? Or, should I get an undertaking given for you, what am I to receive for such generous conduct ? How am I and Mr. Specious to be remunerated if we commit ourselves on your account ? Believe me, there’s no disinterested friendship now-a-days ; there’s no calling on a neighbour or a clansman to share his purse with one ; and if your vassal, as you are pleased to call me, (this was uttered with a resentful smile)

should give a good security for you, who is to take up the obligation when due? It is too bad, Sir, at your age, to get into these mad-brained scrapes, and to spoil your daughter by such indulgence as has turned her head, and stamped the broad seal of disgrace upon your name."

Tears of indignation rushed from the chief's eye, which at the same time flashed fire. They were iron tears; they harrowed up his soul ere they found a passage to the surface: they might almost be called

The last, the first;
The only tears that ever burst.

But it was no time for vengeance.

The chamber door opened, and in walked a bailiff. The old man looked for his cleymore (his broad sword). But the lawyer interfered: "No folly, if you please, cousin," said he; "else we must convey you to Bedlam instead of to the Bench, or to this gentleman's (meaning the bailiff's) house, where time and reflection may suggest something for your benefit."

We will not paint the despair and rage of the injured father, the screams and faintings of the distracted mother, the triumph of villainy, the contemptuous sneer of the bailiff—of that worse than African trader, who traffics in his fellow-man's flesh, who, before he can be fitted for his execrable office, must

make up his mind to tearing the tender husband from a wife's fond embrace, to dragging the aged father from the folded arms of children, clinging round this remnant of the wreck, which once bore all their hope and happiness, of mocking the salt tear of female sufferers, and of throwing in the last weight which is to sink the imprudent youth into irretrievable and irrevocable ruin. We shall not attempt to describe the broad-eyed stare of waiters and of chamber-maids, the uneasiness testified by Stevens's countenance, as to the payment of his bill, the confusion of the company in the hotel, nor the false air of ease and accommodation of John Doe.

“ Dear me, here's a to do,” cried he,

with a disdainful smile : “ pray, gentlefolks, don’t kick up such a dust for nothing. Do you think that Mr. M’Tavish is the first gentleman that ever was arrested? Bless you, I’ve gone to the Opera cheek by jowl with the finest looking ladies in the land, and have had ’em in my custody all the time, and met perhaps a duke or an earl who has given me a friendly tip there, and settled the whole business the next day. I have stopped a whole day and a night in this ere hotel, and fed upon venison and turtle, and got snuffy upon burgundy and champagne, till bail could be got for Lord Henry Halteracker. As to the Marquis of *Dun’emall*, now in Ireland, I’ve gone in his carriage to all sorts of places for days before we could settle the action; and as

to my house, it is as well known to the Bond Street bucks, and to the brigade of guards, to the gentlemen of the turf, and to the lads of the fancy, as the Cocoa tree, the Smyrna, old 77, the St. James's Square Hell, or St. James's Watchhouse. We have *consarts*, and fiddlers, and a little throwing of the bones, blind hazard and biribi, and unlimited loo; and then we gets in a miller to keep the gentlemen in wind, and plenty of *tête-à-têtes*, and plenty of swig, and the time passes so that I've known folks almost sorry to go out. Fat Mrs. S—— was with us before she went to the Bench; and she received a letter from a certain prince, and money from Lord F——, and visits from a score of bucks; and she swore as how

no man could keep a better house than myself. Besides, you can have all sorts of indulgence if you behave like a man. But, after all, what is the paltry action in question? a mere milk score! Why, if you'll per cent. us, I'll find you two fellows as will bail you in the twinkling of a bed-post, as we say in the army."

"You have been in the army then," observed M'Tavish, coming a little to himself, and finding that bolts, bars, dungeons, damp walls, and subterraneous passages, did not exist in a sponging house. "Yes," flippantly continued John Doe. "I was for a very short time amongst the soldiers; but I didn't like their ways at all; so I tipped 'em leg bail for my

honesty, and walked back from Portsmouth to London again. I inlisted, you must know, to get rid of a bantling, when I was a gentleman's *vallet de sham*. I took on with the marines; but I soon took off again, for I took to my scrapers. Then I fell in with a nice old lady, as kept a house in the publican line, and I pleased her so well as waiter, that she made me head master of the concern. But I was a vild roving young dog as ever you see'd; aye, and as good looking a one: so I took to drinking a little too free with our customers, and to playing cards, and to getting among the wenches again, and so we stopped payment; for I took care to marry Missis, and so to bring in she. We then set up with

what we kept back, and could scrape together, in a butcher's shop; and, though I say it who should not say it, no man in the land rode a better bit of blood, nor dressed more like a gem'man, than me. I was as well known at all the races and cock-fights, at the bull and badger baits, and at the tea-gardens and the milling-matches, and at the Circus, and at the — oh! but I mustn't say where before your good lady. I was a right dashing fellow. So I fails again, and sets up as a sheriff's officer; and now I've got my chambers in town, where I propose to take you; and my house in the country; and the old woman having slipped her wind, I'm married to as nice a bit of woman's flesh as you'd see betwixt St.

James's Square and Carnaby Market. To be sure she was a little wild in her youth ; but she has got some rare good settlements from three noblemen, and she's as honest as the day, though she does like a little drop of drink ; but I never shows her to my customers. I say, old gentleman (tapping M'Tavish on the back), I mustn't put her in your road : I'll be bound she'd make you feel a little queerish (loud laugh of the bailiff—half smile of M'Rorie—frown of Mrs. M'Tavish, with a whispered, “ What a monster ! ”—stupid silence and confusion of the laird).

“ All the quality and fashion of town knows me,” continued John Doe ; “ and many a hearty fellow comes and treats

me to a bottle who has been in my chambers, or in the stone jug. But, I say, settle that ere little action; it is but a milk score. What's a hundred or two to a gentleman? I'm the fairest young fellow as ever you see. There, I'll take Mr. M'Rorie's word for you if you like.

“Time flies, I can't lose it without a tip; besides, I've got a baronet to arrest, and a flashman to shop, and two captains to dodge, and a kept lady to dine with, when she is to settle the costs of fourteen actions. Mr. M'Rorie knows something about that: she is a top-sawyer, she drives a pair o'nags, as she calls John Doe and Richard Roe, because she says they drives her half of

her time, and she ought to have her turn with they : she is the right sort for vorking the pockets ; but, I say, come, call a halt, as we say in the army ; something must be done, and that *tout-sweet* directly, as we say in French. I'm a funny dog, an't I ? Why it's worth a Johnny Raw's while to be arrested for me to put him up to things.' Here he concluded, when Mr. Stevens brought in a bill three feet in length.

“ You'd better settle altogether,” said the bailiff to M'Rorie. “ That's easier said than done,” replied the arch fiend ; but after keeping the laird in torture as long as he could, and perceiving his intention rather to go to prison than to submit to any further degradation, he undertook to settle the whole

matter, on condition that M'Tavish should put his estate into trustees hands; that Mr. Specious and M'Rorie should be the said trustees; that all moveables should be sold off to pay the law expenses; and that the M'Tavish family should reside abroad until every thing was settled to the satisfaction of the trustees. These terms, although hard, were agreed to, and every thing was to be signed, sealed, and delivered, the next day. John Doe withdrew with a handsome *tip*, as he called it, for behaving genteel, and promised to return in a few days, and to give the laird some rare fun, in putting him up to what was going on in town.

The next business was to seek out the colonel, and to employ every means that

the police or the laws of the country could afford to recover a lost child, and to bring a reprobate to punishment. In vain were the French and other ambassadors' offices searched to find if passports had been applied for : in vain was an express sent down the Dover road, to discover where they had taken horses. No trace at Epsom : no hope in the police-offices, although runners were despatched from each. Next, every hotel in town was sought to discover who had lately arrived, as it is a not uncommon feint to return to London, when fugitives give out that they are gone abroad. At Fladong's, the laird had the satisfaction of caning the waiters who formerly insulted him there ; but no trace of the fugitives could be found.

He returned to Stevens's oppressed with fatigue, sick with disappointment, dejected by the reflection of what ruin a few fleeting days had brought on his head, and imposed upon his family. He could neither eat nor drink, but cast himself in despair on the sofa, there to feed upon his misery, and silently to brood over his sorrows. M'Rorie had left him to return the next day; but he had left him a sad memento of man's ingratitude.

At this juncture the waiter announced the arrival of a strange gentleman. The door flew open, and Captain Ogle entered the room with outstretched hand and precipitate step; and approaching the dejected chief, cheered him with an unbounded offer of his ex-

ertions, society, and advice, on this trying occasion. He had heard of his misfortune, and had not lost a moment in joining him in the hour of need. He firmly and nobly assured him that he would do all he could to rescue Susan from her betrayer, and pledged himself that the colonel should not go unpunished for so ruffian-like an act. "Be that my task," cried the veteran highlander, embracing his friend; "for, by the embers of my ancestors! one of us shall cease to live." The possession of a friend, and the stern purpose of revenge, appeased his sufferings for a moment: he clenched his friend's hand in his, then putting it to his breast, said, with half-a-score of highland expletives and gutturals: "Ou aye! ogh,

aye! Damonst! you leave him to me! I'll ——” Here he had no term strong enough, and he swallowed a whole tumbler of brandy and water, whilst Mrs. M'Tavish went to lie down on the bed; and the captain set about devising the ways and means to find out the colonel; having previously written to his uncle, to his agent, and sent him a challenge to every house where he used to resort.

CHAPTER III.

HE who has never felt the comfort of a friend in the many *res incertæ* of life cannot figure to himself the relief which this unlooked-for solace brought to the old mountaineer's disturbed mind. He saw, in perspective, that his daughter might be rescued, and her seducer be brought to account: but how or when still remained to be known. Whilst the two friends were awaiting the return of expresses, the answers of letters, and the reports of their emissaries and scouts, Captain Ogle thus addressed the Highland laird.

“ You see in me, my dear Sir, a plain,

true, honest, but poor, soldier. My tongue may have learned the small talk or flattery of the world; but my heart is as pure and unsullied as when first I joined the army. I am a soldier of fortune; my sword is my inheritance; my commission is my title-deed. Your daughter's beauty struck me; your family was unexceptionable; and I might have been proud to have formed such an alliance; but I soon saw myself eclipsed by a man of brilliant appearance, of splendid fortune, of high fashion and attractions; and I at the same time saw that your lovely daughter was dazzled with the glare of fashion, and made giddy by parade and profusion. As it became me, I withdrew from the list of admirers; but not be-

fore I warned you of your dangers. I regretted the difficulties you yourself were incurring, and I offered my humble advice on that head. I now find you encompassed on all sides by deceit and treachery, and I step forward to offer all the aid in my power. From the lover I now pass to the friend, and from the guest at your hospitable board to the companion of your altered fortunes. I could not cope in expense and in magnificence with Colonel Bergamotte; but I may yet show my superiority in justice and in truth. I have been obliged to be all my life a frugal self-denying man. Frequently, when my comrades indulged in excesses, and carried on the expensive festive hour at the mess, have I feigned indis-

position, and retired, or wandered in the seclusion of rural scenery, counted the stars of heaven, and sighed over the mediocrity of my lot. Often have I borne solitude for three days to pay my subscription to a ball, or vegetated in London upon the humblest fare for weeks, to make abroad the best possible appearance. Often have I withdrawn from the charm of beauty, and from the allurements of pleasure, when reason told me that I dare not cultivate the one, or indulge in the other. Yet have I always had a pound for a distressed object, and five pounds for a necessitous comrade, and have appeared easy in my circumstances, when young men of fortune have laboured under the greatest difficulties, and subjected themselves

to the greatest humiliations. Life is all a skirmish ; it requires much manœuvring to get through it; and a man without fortune must be no bad tactitian to know how and where to advance and to retreat. Yet a man of prudence can allow himself to be passed by the extravagant in the outset of the day, and will come up with and defeat them at the close."

The hardy mountaineer listened attentively to his friend : it beguiled the hours of his uneasiness. What would he have given for such a son-in-law ! What would he not have given to have been such himself ! Captain Ogle cheered him with hope, and animated him with the promise of support and re-

venge: the laird drank deep of the oblivious draught, and sunk to sleep in his arm chair.

Mrs. M'Tavish reclined upon her pillow *faisait des reflexions*, which only served as *ex post facto* evidence in her favour. Had she made these reflections sooner, or had she consulted less partially and less often the reflection of her looking-glass, her present meditations might have been more agreeable, and she, poor woman! would have been less guilty and less ridiculous. But we shall now show the *comment et pourquoi*. In the last interview with the counter coxcomb, whom she had mistaken for her lover, he unveiled his real design, which was the making sure of Susan's

hand and fortune, which he had been deceived into thinking considerable. The disclosure of this secret defeated Mrs. M'Tavish's hope of having been an object of admiration, covered her with confusion and shame, and placed the mercantile lover in the most contemptible point of view. She had, as women generally have, the *mal adresse* to criminate her lover, to overwhelm him with reproach; she wept, stamped, and made an offer at an hysterical attack:—all in vain. Her faithless swain turned her into ridicule; and left her with the utmost contempt; whilst self-upbraiding conscience whispered in her ear, “What remains to you of your guilty pleasures, and the follies into which you have run, except the shame

and disgrace attendant on them?" Fair would she have measured back her steps to the period when she was a domestic woman and a faithful wife, a plain honest neighbour and a kind obliging friend:—but it was too late. All that she could do was to look forward, and to form good resolutions, which, to do her justice, she most strictly fulfilled.

Mr. M'Tavish now awoke from his nap. A carriage and four drove up to the door; and, to their great surprise, joy, and admiration, Susan leaped out of it, and flew up stairs. Her's was an embarrassing situation. Her character was lost; her guilt was established in the mind of every one; she might have

been ashamed of being seen again at the hotel; she might have had her parents' indignation to encounter; for she had now been absent three days. What ought she to have done? Should she have hid her diminished head, and have worn the black veil of guilt? Should she have absented herself longer, and have sent for her parents? It matters not what she might have done:—what she did was to return. And as she flew from the carriage, and entered the room, there was a firmness of step, an erectness of countenance, a placidity of eye, and a boldness of deportment, which depicted in characters too striking, too legible to be mistaken for a moment——triumphant virtue, incorruptible chastity, the dignity of goodness, and the courage of honest pride.

As she entered the room, and advanced towards her father, her mother gave a scream of agony; but the old man throwing himself on his knees, exclaimed: "My child is innocent: now fate and fortune do what ye will; I fear you not; my bosom shall again shelter my daughter; and this highland arm shall avenge her wrongs; the blood of the guilty shall pay her ransom!" She clasped her father thrice in her arms, then embraced her mother. The crimson tide of healthful bloom, deepened by the increasing glow of victorious innocence, came and went thrice from the centre to the surface, and from the surface to the centre again. At length she sunk under the unequal combat, and fell at her father's feet.

The moment of uncertainty was short: she revived, composed herself, and delivered a letter from the colonel to her father. Captain Ogle raised her from the ground; and his were the only eyes which her's could not meet without a blush, without a feeling of regret. The father's passion was too great to peruse the contents of the billet: he gave it to Ogle, who, advising the ladies to retire, read what follows:

To Alister M'Tavish, Esq. &c. &c.

Injured Sir,

I confess that I am a villain: no other term suits me in reference to you; but I am neither unrepenting, nor wholly unprincipled. I have used

every art that hope and fear, persuasion, promises, or artifice, could suggest, to seduce your lovely and immaculate daughter ; but to no purpose ; and after confining her for three days, returning honour imperiously demands her restitution. I send her back to you more enamoured of her triumphant innocence than ever I was of her matchless beauty in the most impassioned hour of my life ; and I shall place myself at your disposal, to render you whatever satisfaction you may require from me. I am aware that I have inflicted a deep wound on your heart, which I cannot heal, but I am ready to pay the forfeit of my crime. May you long live to cherish your matchless child ! may Susan be happy to the fullest

extent of human felicity ! and may she forgive one who never can forgive himself !

HENRY OWEN BERGAMOTTE.

“ And he shall pay the forfeit of his crime,” sternly exclaimed the chief : “ we must not both remain on earth together ; he or I, my dear Ogle : you understand me ; get good pistols ; be my friend ; lose no time ; my highland blood leaps merrily in my veins.” Here the old chief smiled with indignant pride. “ Go,” continued he, slily ; tell the women that I am quite satisfied with the colonel’s apology ; deceive them well on that head ; and then, my brave boy, to the fight ! I feel as though I were grown young again. Now for the name of my ancestors. Shall I

leave a blot upon it? Perish the villain who could suppose such a thing." The generous Ogle informed his friend that he himself had sent a challenge to the colonel; that he was a single man; and that he insisted upon being his and Susan's champion. But here the chief grew angry: he again used the expletives and gutturals, and grunted like a bear, whilst he bristled like a lion. "What!" exclaimed he, "Alister M'Tavish fight his enemy by proxy? No.—How would my blood be satisfied by exposing your life? How could my *forebearers* rest in their graves with a coward in their clan, and he the head o't? Besides, would ye tak' frae me the pleasure of revenge? Had it been myself that he had tried to dishonour,

freely would I have forgiven him : but my child, my daughter, my Susan, oh ! no, no, no."

Having arranged the place of meeting, they left the hotel in a hackney-coach, and proceeded to Primrose Hill, the old highlander appearing to be going to a wedding instead of to a duel, whistling the gathering of his clan, and rubbing his hands all the way. On their road, Ogle promised to avenge him if he fell : at which the old fellow embraced him, and swore that he should have his daughter if he did. "That," replied the modest Ogle, "cannot depend on us ; her inclination is not to be forced by any consideration of gratitude or duty ; and I should be

as great a ruffian as the colonel, were I to take her heart by surprise or by stratagem."

They were just about to differ on this point, when they arrived at the ground, and saw the colonel and his second, Lord Weatherby, waiting, attended by a surgeon. M'Tavish, turning to Ogle, said, "Now do I feel that a father's frown ought to sink him to the earth; that a brave man's arm must conquer him. I am sorry that he was here first: it was always the pride of my clan to be the first in the field, and the last out of it. He did right to bring a surgeon with him; for I'll take good care that some of us shall want him."

On the chieftain and his seconds coming on the ground, Lord W. made a motion to speak to Captain Ogle; but M'Tavish roared out "Measure the ground, Ogle; let's have no deceitful palaver here." The ground was measured; the colonel fired his pistol in the air; while M'Tavish, smiling in rage, shot his antagonist in the body. He saw him drop with one deep groan, then threw up his hat, and exclaimed, "so fall every foe of my house! Susan and my clan triumphant."

Then turning to Ogle, M'Tavish cried, "Ask that lord if he has any thing to gainsay about us, and if he chuses to have a touch after his friend." This language Ogle disapproved of: he

told the mountaineer that his honour was now appeased, and running up to the colonel, proceeded to examine his situation. He was speechless; the blood gushed in torrents from his side. He, however, drew a writing from his pocket, and motioned with his hand for the parties to retire. Lord W. begged that Mr. M'Tavish might take a chaise in waiting, and escape with his friend, leaving the hackney-coach to remove the colonel, of whose life there was not the least hope. He added, that such was Colonel Bergamotte's directions from the first; and that he requested that every attention might be paid to the contents of the paper; that Mr. M'Tavish and his second might retire to France until the

affair had blown over, and that no prosecution would be entered into; for that the colonel's uncle was so incensed against him on the receipt of Ogle's letter, that he had promised not to prosecute should he fall, and had determined on disinheriting him of his property if he survived; at the same time Colonel B. had a large fortune of his own. The purport of the writing was as follows :

To Alister M'Tavish, Esq. &c.

Injured Sir,

I foresaw the great probability of my falling in my rencontre with you. I have now appeased your just indignation to the utmost of my power; and

I have drawn up a statement, in order to do away, as far as in me lies, the evil impression to which my vain-boasting and unpardonable vanity may have given rise. Herein enclosed are bank notes to the amount of five hundred pounds, to enable you to retire to the continent for a short time; and I have written a confession of my guilt, and directions to my executors not to prosecute, as I shall deserve my fate, however bad. I have made my will, and have left the greater portion of my fortune to Miss M'Tavish.

This was a great and magnanimous act of retributive justice on the part of the colonel; but it could not subdue the highland pride of M'Tavish. He

refused to receive the money, and would, but for Ogle, have torn the paper in pieces. He also refused to retire to the continent; saying that he should take shelter in the heart of his clan, and then he would soon see who could harm him. He, however, consented to withdraw for a short time to Highgate, and was to send Ogle daily to Stevens's to visit his family, and to arrange the mode of departure for the Highlands in a few days.

Day succeeded day, with very little novelty, for the ladies never left their apartments. At length, the colonel's bad symptoms decreasing, and the ball being extracted, some hopes of his recovery were entertained; and M'Tavish

returned to Stevens's. This return greatly delighted M'Rorie; for the deed of trust had remained for a week unsigned, and he had now an opportunity of putting himself in possession of all his kinsman's property: after which he should again urge the propriety of his going abroad, which the duel might in some measure facilitate. Here however, his hopes were disappointed; for in time the colonel was pronounced out of danger, and M'Tavish demurred as to the leaving England.

Captain Ogle's friendly conduct, and his daily visits to Susan, might be supposed to produce an increase of mutual attachment, and to win the inclinations of the fair mountaineer; but his

cautious reserve, his extreme delicacy, lest M'Tavish should wish to force him on his daughter's choice, rather abated than increased the flame, which otherwise might have come to maturity. Not content with being the champion and friend of the family, he resolved to examine into the conduct of M'Rorie, and appointed him, the bailiff, and a conscientious professional man of his own choosing, to meet, and to examine into Mr. M'Tavish's affairs, previous to the signature of the deed of trust. M'Rorie was very averse to this; but on Captain Ogle's informing him, that unless he did, the money would be procured otherwise, and he would be paid off, he was forced to submit to the ordeal. The business with the bailiff

was merely to discharge the action, and to regulate costs; as also to have a little fun with him, by way of putting the laird in spirits.

Doe came dressed gaily; and as it was after dinner, he took some wine, and gave them his promised account of some of the dashers on town.

He filled a bumper, and giving the turf, with a self-satisfied smile, said, "Well, my noble commodore, you shall be obeyed. I promise you that I have seen a thing or two, and knows as much of the town as most people." Then filling again, "to your amiable family," said he; "and may you never want my assistance again!" This was an insincere

wish ; but it was civil. The chieftain thanked him ; and he began his list of fashionables, numerically as they had either been known to him, or, as he significantly termed it, “ as they came through my hands,” which we shall make the subject of the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

WE shall translate the slang and ungrammatical incomprehensibility of our friend John Doe into something of a perusable dialect.

SIR BANGUP GETON.

Sir Bangup Geton is a member of the four-horse club, a baronet by birth, a man of wit by courtesy, and a knight of the whip by election. Many of our placemen drive a job in the chariot of state; but Sir Bangup has the honour of driving his own carriage amongst the coachmen of fashion. He is quite con-

tented, not to play second, but to drive second to Mr. B——n, the archon and high patron of the society, and to abide by his opinion, as to threading the ribbands, carrying on in style, putting his cattle together, keeping the tits up to their traces, and making all the nags, both wheelers and leaders, do their work, fanning, double thonging, cutting out, tipping Johnny Raws the go-bye, and bringing in his bits of blood without turning a hair ; squaring his elbows in the primest form, and banging up to the mark in a truly coachman-like manner. The baronet is himself a great adept in this art, and has adopted both his dress and address to the four-horse cut.

Some men are ambitious of a seat in

parliament, that they may cut a figure in the senatorial records of their country ; but Sir Bangup is ambitious only of a seat on the coach-box, there to cut a figure of eight, by way of shewing a keen eye and steady hand, or to cut a swell, as it is genteelly termed amongst mail drivers and hackneymen, who exclaim, “ what’s that ere chap: my eyes! but he knows a thing or two: he handles the ribbands like an old one.” Answer: “ Vy it’s Sir Bangup, as good a fellow as ever took a vip in hand, and as much of the coachman.” Laudable ambition!

But not alone does he glory and delight in this: the more gentle intercourse, with more delicate animals, suits

the habits of his soul ; and (very strange to tell) the language of the box, the ruffianism of the fancy, the smell of the stable, and the taste for low company of our fashionable jehews of the day, offend not the fairer sex. They like all this slang and swell--all this *slack* and vulgar mirth ; they like the man who can dress his own horse, put his own team together, drive a good turn-out of his own, with madam by his side, outdo a hackney coachman in the rum gammon ; and if the lady be splashed by a mud-cart, why give her the ribbands to hold ; leap down from the box like a new one, and floor his man, or deal it out to him in such a form, that, after a round or two, he'll let him know that he's his master.

These feats quite suit a certain description of gay ones, who would do any thing for a morning's excursion with good appointments, with a favourite phaeton beside them, driving to ruin like him. Whether these accomplishments struck Mrs. C——l or not is of little moment; but the noble baronet had the felicity of experiencing the warmth of her attachment for some years, and had the honesty to settle one hundred per annum on her in consequence of becoming a parent. When you have said that Sir B. G. is a judge of a horse, that he can drive four, that he kept a lady *or two*, and still keeps his seat, you have his history.

PROTEUS EGLANTINE, ESQ.

Has acquired the nick-name of *Proteus* from the divers avocations, studies, professions, fortunes, practices, ways, and means, which have marked his course through life, and from the still more multifarious vicissitudes through which he has gone, from a variety of talents which he possesses, and from a variety of attempts (unsuccessful for the most part) which he has made to turn them into talents of gold and silver. The university, the bar, the forum, the parade, the lecture and the anatomy theatre, the stage for private theatricals, the drawing-room, and gaming-table, have all witnessed his taste and at-

tendance, not to forget the degree of doctor, nor a great degree of debt, which have fallen to his share. He has been gay and grave, rich and poor, married and single, and, in a manner, married again, having taken back an unfaithful wife after long and repeated absences, divers and very notorious *faux pas*.

His father was high in the profession of the law; and it was thought that Mr. Proteus would have been called to the bar. Whether, at a future period, he may be so in some surprising manner, remains to be seen; but nothing would be astonishing in his biography. He was educated at an university, and was the best dressed man there. He

next was in a celebrated light dragoon regiment (I don't say the Prince's). He was then an expensive gentleman at large, and lived in the north in the utmost retirement with his beautiful wife. Afterwards he and she shone in the first circles of a northern capital. They were the delight thereof, and their house was the vortex of fashion, the centre of attraction for mirth, beauty, talent, fun, music, morning revels succeeding midnight feasts, and, in short, for every species of dissipation.

From the north Mr. Proteus proceeded to London in the character of a man of fashion, to which his birth, education, and fortune, entitled him. He gave grand dinners, concerts, fêtes,

and revels, until money grew short, and madame grew unfaithful ; and the next that was heard of him was his residing in the Isle of Man. Previous to this, however, he and his lovely wife shone in the theatricals of a certain marquis ; and the latter was the planet Venus, a star of magnitude in the voluptuous sphere of love, and in the intriguing court of modern Olympus. To detail this lady's errors is not my business.

From the Isle of Man he was *mist* : it is a foggy clime ; but we hailed him next as a doctor in town, having not only the elements of medicine, but having brought away in his breeches-pocket, snugly kept, in case of experiencing the squalls or storms of for-

tune, the diploma of a doctor!!! He next kept a kind of register office, or agency office, for clerical and other promotions, a sort of place where honour and secrecy might be depended upon in a negotiation for a situation under government. This speculation appears to have been unsuccessful; for he next figured humbly as a surgical military man in a militia regiment; and, lastly, as an hospital mate abroad.

Thus Mr. Proteus has been in law, (very often, we believe) an assistant to the clergy, a cavalry and an infantry man, in the line, and in the militia, abroad and at home, a private gentleman and a public character, a bachelor, a doctor, a married man, and a man of

fashion and of misfortune, a rich man and a poor man, and, finally, a surgeon and a physician. He is an excellent musician, a well read man, a good private actor, a pleasing singer, doubtless a judge of all the prognoses and diagnoses, with all the arcana of medicine, besides being a grand judge of horse-flesh, in which he has dealt very largely.

MR. S——T

Is a man very well known on town, as one who gives his name and protection to a celebrated cyprian who lives in —— Place. This gentleman has vanity enough to be proud of this part of his establishment, and keeps her in a splendour becoming the

Augustan age ; for Mr. S——t is (whether he be aware of it or not) quite in that style himself, being a *triumvir* of a *triumvirate* who support the republic. His colleagues are a magistrate, not a day's journey from Kensington, and an American merchant. Such is the form of government of her state, with the addition of a half-pay lieutenant: whether he be a second Michael Cassio, the drunken lieutenant, I am not informed ; but this I know, that the lieutenant is of the R. N. and that he slings his hammock in her *quarters*, and sheers off when any of the other larger vessels heave in sight.

There can be no doubt that this gentleman, who may perhaps be in

some active capacity, must be kept for use; for nature has never designed him for an ornamental purpose, he being a tall, thin, ugly, miserable looking man, and having nothing either civil or military in his appearance. The purpose he seems most to serve is, like the footman of a lady's lap-dog, to air and walk out the animal.

Mrs. S——t is handsome, and not more than twenty-five; and she probably says of Mr. S——t, like Woodward, the actor, when attacked by a robber: “Nunky pays all; nunky pays for me!”

MR. HENCO

Is an Israelite, an Israelite “in whom there is much guile.” Formerly, love used to be represented as an arch urchin, a beardless boy; but now the arch urchin is turned into an arch fiend. Apollo is become an old quack; and Bacchus, “ever fair and ever young,” is converted into hoary-headed drunkards, as ugly as Satan and Sin, and as dark and unfair as night and Erebus. Mr. Henco is a further example of bearded and of wrinkled love, and serves as a proof that mercenary affection, if this name can be given to such intercourse, is disposable alike to Jew or to Gentile.

Mrs. R——de has the honour of possessing this gentleman's protection; and he is *l'amant à titre* of her establishment. It is astonishing how these Israelites deal in extremes; the extremest avarice and the extremest prodigality, the meanest savings and the most profuse expenditure, the most hypocritical adherence to the Jewish faith, yet no faith with all the world beside, the greatest love for making money, and sometimes the greatest pride in spending it. The cyprians, who are supported by the tribe of Benjamin, or by the tribe of Juda, are generally very costly, very extravagant, and very highly appointed; and when once a Jew indulges in liberality, he does not do it *à demi*. Witness sport-

ing F——co, the X-m-n-s, the G-o-d-s-d-s, De S-l-a, who kept Sir F. A—'s mamma.

Mr. Henco, like all the other dupes, thinks Mrs. R—— immaculate; and I think what I know. For my part, I hate these fellows, and think that if they can be outwitted in any way, it is a Gentile's duty to perform the office, in retaliation for their constant practice towards the christian world. The best Israelites I ever knew were the d'A—ns of Wimbledon Common celebrity: they loved expense, and failed; and they alone knew how and for why. Mr. Henco is a bit of a buck; and his fair partner, no doubt, takes care that he should merit that name as far as on her depends.

LORD WILDBOY

Is the eldest son of a Scotch peer. His mother was extremely handsome, the daughter of another Scotch peer, and of a very handsome family. Lord W. was but half educated in Scotland, and entered very early into the navy, for which he seemed peculiarly fitted. He inherited all the beauty of his mother, and all the bravery of her ancestors, who distinguished themselves at a remote period in the history of their country.

Lord W. had not long been in the navy, when he was made a prisoner of war, and detained by Bonaparte in France. This loss of time, and this

inactivity, were irreparably prejudicial to him, both in his manners and in his profession—we do not say in his morals, although he was in France at a time of the greatest possible irreligion and immorality. Herding entirely with the English, he obtained no information by living in a foreign country; and giving himself up to drinking and to dissipation, to idleness and to pleasure, he must have forgotten whatever he had learnt, professionally and otherwise. His beauty of person was also likely to lead him into more errors; and, in short, he was absolutely going to ruin, as he was remarkable for nothing else whilst in France but for hard drinking, hard riding, street-riots, turning out in a duel or two, and losing his money at

play. At the conclusion of the peace he made himself conspicuous for assaulting the chief magistrate of the town, in order to make him cry *vive le roi*.

On his lordship's return home, his first notoriety was for a riot and assault, after getting extremely intoxicated with a debtor in the Fleet, not the royal navy, but the prison bearing that name. It is, however, but justice to state, that through all this mist and obnubilation of mind, a transcendent spark of honour, of courage, and of benevolence, shone most eminently. He divided his purse with any indigent brother; he opened his heart to any countryman in a foreign land; he

would fight for any body, with any body, and for any thing; he would play with any body, and for any sum. In the combat, he would receive his enemy's fire without returning it; in gaming transactions he would pay freely if he lost, but was fearful of distressing another if he won: often he declined receiving what was due to him on these occasions; and, in the instance of the riot and assault lastly mentioned, his visit to the mansion of wretchedness was to succour a friend in distress, whom he had known in better days; and his intoxication arose partly from liquor, and partly from the violence of his feelings.

It has pleased government to advance

this nobleman to a high rank in his profession, without looking back to the loss of time and experience produced by his detention in France. This practice has not been general, and of course cannot be impartial; yet it is to be hoped it will succeed in the present instance.

In all this young lord's transactions with mankind, the chances have been all the world to nothing against him. A romantic feeling of honour, and a chivalric spirit of courage, have induced him to court odds, to spurn dangers, to give advantage, to despise gain. Gifted with a noble soul, but carrying more sail than ballast, it is to be feared that his heart will sail too fast for his

pocket, and that his courage may outstrip his prudence ; but, above all, it is to be hoped that this rising plant of prowess may not, in or out of his profession, share in the errors of two brave, fighting lords, who, with many seeds of perfection about them, have come, the one to premature death, and the other to unprepared and to unexpected dishonour : their prospect once shone in perspective, now

“ Clouds and darkness rest upon’t.”

MR. T——K

Is a magnificent admirer of the *beau sexe*. He is a widower, has one son, and his father lives in the direction of W———th. What Hymen may have

done to alarm him, I know not; but certain it is, that he seems shy of venturing again. Solitude, however, being irksome, he has taken unto himself “all the form and appearance of a wife, and yet no wife at all.” Mrs. T——k, to whom he gives his name, stands proudly in the cyprian list. Mr. T. troubles the neighbourhood of W——th very little.

The pious father is in a great rage at the connection which his son has formed with the cyprian to whom he has given his name, and who lives very near the Edgeware Road; and this attachment has, as is invariably the case, destroyed filial and paternal affection, misled him into a line which

he will one day regret, and has made him the gazetted supporter of what is generally considered a national property.

Mr. T. is very magnificent in his ideas, and very severe in his conduct: he seems to think, that as Cæsar's wife should not be suspected, T——'s mistress should be respected; as if she gained any importance or advantage from the title of his mistress. An ignorant pride, an upstart consequence, a blind partiality, and a blinder confidence, have led Mr. T. into presumption, and an unbecoming jealousy of confidence; and he has, in consequence thereof, discharged half a legion of servants, because they did not pay suffi-

cient homage to the lady of his election. He is so proud to produce her in public, that one would imagine the cause of legitimacy was entirely exploded, and that ties sanctioned by law were a mere humbug.

Upon the whole, pride and vanity are the leading features of Mr. T——'s character, mixed up with a great deal of softness, no scruple of conscience, and not a grain of common sense and propriety. Mrs. T——'s carriage is well known in the Park and elsewhere, and does credit to Mr. T——'s taste and liberality.

LITTLE MISS H——L

Has been a visitor of mine. She was very near being made a honest woman of; for once, when in a bad state of health, she grew melancholy, and expressed an ardent wish to be respectably settled in some industrious and virtuous line of life. This desire she communicated to one of the W—d—ms, who used to visit her, and to give her good advice (apropos, it is quite the go to visit frail ones with the view of giving them good advice). He, in consequence, named the circumstance to the females of his family, who are extremely benevolent and good-hearted. They consequently agreed to pay one hundred

pounds for her, and spoke to some persons in business on the subject; and she was to be taken into their house.

Unluckily, however, for her, she went to the Park the ensuing day, drest in the most gallant array, looking the gayest of the gay, and was surrounded by a knot of beaux; amongst whom Mr. S——r, Mr. W——l, et cetera, were flirting and galivanting at a great rate. The ladies who designed to be her patronesses were also in the Park, and witnessed the scene, which induced them to think that her love for dress, her levity, and, above all, the company which she kept, savoured not of reform; for we have never heard these gentlemen quoted as reformers, although they

have been very notorious in the gay world for other qualities. The consequence was, that the young ladies retracted their promise, withdrew the hundred sterling, and left Miss to a sense of her own wretchedness and folly.

MRS. W———Y

Has also been my inmate. She is a great Amazon. I remember her going out to meet the Emperor of Russia, et cetera, and being the only woman in the cavalcade of the disappointed curious. No woman is better mounted than she; and very few ride so well. She is a very expensive woman, and one of very high spirit. Whoever her present protector may be, I know not;

but certain it is, that she can protect herself. She once was the *chere amie* of a person nearly allied to a very ministerial family—one high in renown, in court favour, in fortune, and in rank.

The gentleman is famous for coursing parties, and has married an heiress. He is himself of a very expensive turn, and of an expensive family; and he doubtless found this lady an expensive appendage to his establishment. It is said that her debts were paid on his marriage; that they were of no small amount; and that she has a settlement from him: it is also said that she caused much domestic strife.

At one time she was supported by a

pillar of the church, or rather a churchman who is a pillar of coffee-houses, gaming-tables, et cetera—what the French call *un pillier du caffè du tripot*, et cetera. I do not pretend to say that the pillar is of the Greek order of architecture; but it may fairly be called of the composite, if a compound of all fashionable vices can justify one in giving that description to hard living, swearing, facetious Jack —. Some went so far as to say that Mrs. W. was more likely to support the parson than he was *en etat* to keep up her establishment. She is one of our *prime* articles, very much looked up to by the bang-up bucks, and very celebrated in her line.

Mrs. W——, I omitted to say, was once so much admired for her riding, that she was nicknamed Clementina; and some thought that she had been an *eleve* of Astley's, or of the Royal Circus. This, however, is erroneous; but we see from her example, that not only the medical faculty go about on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, slaying, wounding, and maiming His Majesty's liege subjects, but that the cyprian corps have also their combatants, who go about on foot, on horseback, and in chariots of state, wounding with the artillery of their eyes, making captive and attaching to their cars the flower of our youth, nay often old age in its dotage.

CHAPTER V.

HERE the bailiff concluded, and observing, that if he stayed any longer he should get tipsey, and not be able to attend to his customers, he withdrew, thanking the chief for his good treatment, and assuring him that if it ever lay in his way to serve either him or the captain, they might depend upon his honour.

At this moment two *billet doux* were presented to M'Tavish.

The first was from Crawford-street. The highlander refused to read it; but

as the bearer would not take it back, it was perused by Ogle, to whom M'Tavish opened his inmost thoughts. It was conceived in the warmest terms: the writer regretted exceedingly all the trouble and expense which she had occasioned him; but assured him of the sincerest gratitude on her part, and trusted that the comfort which she had found in his society had made an impression on her that no time could obliterate. She called him her Turk, and her comely mountaineer, and would again have made him believe that he was grown young and handsome, but for the high price which his experience had cost him. "Na, na," said the highlander, "auld birds are not to be caught this way;" and he tore the billet in

pieces. The fact was, that the lady had become a little poor ; and, with the cyprian train, their passion always rises in proportion to the depression of their funds; and the fullest expressions always flow from the emptiest pockets : it is all riot or distress, splendid extravagance, or abject misery, with them.

The second was from a cyprian, a rival of the laird's old flame. Apropos. When bantered about this subject, and asked by a buck at Stevens's what he had done with his old flame, the laird humorously answered, " Sir, it burned out." But to return to the new applicant. She was a neighbour of the former's, and had learned not only that the laird was a good customer, but that he

had lately paid a large sum, for which she would otherwise have been arrested; and she thought it quite fair to draw off the supply, and to divert it into a different channel.

She therefore wished to have it understood that she had taken a fancy to the chieftain, and meant to devote herself to him. Her billet ran in the following strain:

My dear Sir,

It grieves me to the heart to see you the dupe of an artful woman, who turns even your noble generosity and your manly person into ridicule, boasting that she has levied contributions to a pretty great extent on the Highlands,

and calling you her dancing bear, whom she can not only lead about in a string, and dance to whatever tune she pleases, but likewise make to pay the piper for partners who dance to please her better. What a shame ! Then again she says, that she got you arrested on purpose, and asserts that she will play upon your feelings until she sends you home lean and pennyless, to dance to the Highland bag-pipe, which she says disorders her stomach whenever she hears it. Can any thing be baser ! But no wonder from one so basely born. It is but right therefore that your eyes should be opened respecting this lady, and that you should seek a companion who would have your interest at heart ; for it is natural enough for a man in the

prime of life, who has the misfortune to be undermatched, and not mated to his taste, to want domestic felicity, and to seek for a resting place whereon his heart may repose. These considerations have induced me to address you, convinced that a conversation on this subject may tend to make two individuals happy. Your answer, addressed to Eliza, to be left at Florani's perfumery warehouse, will much oblige,

Dear Sir,

Your very well wisher,

Mary Ann Louisa Waldgrave.

There was a time when this bait would have hooked the highland fish ; but he began to dread a second Crawford street acquaintance, and no longer in-

dulged in the idea of seeing the world, nor in the illusion of being a *sanspareil* himself. He threw the second letter into the fire, and told the bearer that his mistress should hear from him, with the determination of never taking any more notice of the concern, and if pressed, to inform Mary Ann Louisa that she had mistaken her man.

The scrapes into which M'Tavish had got, during his short stay at Stevens's, although they had nearly cost him his peace of mind, his fortune, and his liberty, had taught him (though late) such lessons in a few days as would have employed whole years under other circumstances. In his visits to the different police offices he

had witnessed scenes, and observed characters, which otherwise could not have passed before him in review. Peace-breakers, swindlers, libellists, and convicts, the intoxicated man of quality, the lost female reduced to pilfer a yard of lace, or to pledge another's property, the levelling adventurer, and the profligate, hurried in a short space of time from vice to vice, from excess to excess, from thoughtlessness to the commission of crime, and from thence transported as a convict to a foreign shore.

At one police office he met with a kept lady giving evidence against her servant for the loss of a pair of silk stockings. Madame was adorned with expensive laces, jewels, and dress, and

had all the finished airs of a court lady ; but when called upon to sign her deposition she could not write.

At another, a cyprian, splendidly attired, was waiting in an adjoining room : she was lovely as the dawn of day ; her carriage waited at the door ; she had come to the office on account of a riot which took place in her house, where jealousy induced her to violate the peace, and to draw a knife upon a rival ; she had the newspaper in her hand, and motioned her lips as if reading ; but—the paper was inverted. M'Tavish officiously informed the lady of the circumstance ; and she, with a violent brogue, told him she was left-

handed. In fact, she could not read : she was a bumboat-woman's daughter at Plymouth, and had been a common sailor's trull, was bought for a trifle of her husband, and now revelled in ostentatious profusion, and held an idiot's heart in chains ; but she was wholly uneducated, uncivilized, and scarcely humanized—so do our passions blind us.

At another office the laird met with a countryman, to whom he had formerly given charity. He was arrested for a libel against government, and having assaulted the constable, was brought before the sitting magistrate. His mother was a servant in an inn, who had been

discharged for theft. After losing her place, she lived by travelling the country as a female pedlar. The boy was sharp-looking and intelligent, and the laird often gave him sixpence. A methodist clergyman thought that it would be a charity to have him educated, and he accordingly sent him to a Sunday school, where he learned to write so well, that he was taken to be foot-boy, and occasional copyer, in an attorney's office. He ran away, however, went to sea; and afterwards returned and kept the accounts of an unlettered dealer in marine stores. Here the lad learned to cheat, and how to seize the popular feeling. He used to read the newspaper to porters at threepence per hour, and got a taste for politics and

declamation. He next set up a small day-school, and wrote letters for servants at sixpence per sheet; nay, even framed petitions for impostors, and received a per centage according to the success of the affair. An enlarged mind, and a bold comprehensive genius, had enabled this prodigy to refute the bible, and to turn it into ridicule in toto, to get almost by heart all the leading acts of parliament, and to discover that the people were not represented in either house, that the constitution was rotten, and wanted regeneration, and that none of the laws were justly dispensed, nor the divisions of happiness and property distributed with either justice or equality. The nation was so corrupt in his eyes, that he could only

find four good men and true in it, to save it: they were Mr. Cobbett, orator Hunt, Mr. Waithman, and Sir Francis Burdet; and it seemed to him not at all impossible that he should make the fifth, and attain to the highest situation under a revolutionary government, with the Spencean division of property, and the universal suffrage of the people, from the prince to the sweep chimney. He had persuaded a number of his newspaper auditors, and day-school grown-up scholars, of the same thing, and of much more, so that three of them had been hanged, one pilloried, and sixteen transported, either for assaulting their superiors, for dividing the property of more affluent citizens amongst themselves, or for holding disorderly and

blasphemous meetings on Sundays, and taking false oaths to cover their accomplices. He had also faithfully attended the Spa-fields meeting, and had published a very elaborate pamphlet, which embraced in one libel the king, the bishops, the lords and commons, and all the wealthy land-holders of the realm.

Amongst the other characters whom Mr. M. met at the police office, was Lieutenant James (we shall not add his surname): He is the son of a private soldier, a honest man, who attained to the rank of a sergeant, and his ambition went no further. By the mother's side, the gay lieutenant was basely born, and he had no auxiliary

relation of whom he could make even a fabulous history, so as to talk about ancestry in any way, on either side of the house. He was half educated, of a violent temper, proud and perverse, and chose to go to sea. He returned thence with a little money. He had grown very tall, and unfortunately was thought very handsome, when he came home. His stature and comeliness of person made him fancy himself a gentleman; and "the shiners in his sack" made common prostitutes and sponging companions call him so. He must wear a red coat, and accordingly he got a commission in the militia. For a little time, his money enabled him to make a greater figure than his betters among the subalterns; and he attached

himself to a little woman well born and bred, but whose vicious inclinations had separated her from a good husband, led her to choose many promiscuous mates, but decided her in her choice of James, on account of his fine proportions and his animal qualities. A volunteering of the militia enabled him to get an ensigncy in the line; and his fine figure and martial (though not gentlemanlike) appearance imposed upon superior officers, and gave him an undue preference to more deserving though less saucy and strapping brother officers. He got a lieutenancy; he also got in debt; for having a tall figure, a brazen front, a loud voice, an imposing air, and an easy manner, he drilled his tradesmen into extensive

credit and long tick, gave very expensive orders, and wore very expensive clothes. He also levied contributions on the publicans and sinners of both sexes, drank hard, and got a numerous acquaintance in the cyprian line ; but “ the paltry shopkeepers ” grew restive, and his safety required his retreat. He filed off and gained Scotland, his native land. There he was put on the recruiting service, and had the utmost difficulty in passing his recruiting accounts : errors, delays, and appropriations of money, were frequent. His female paramour supported him by begging, by borrowing, by buying on credit, and selling for ready money, by incurring debts which never could be paid, and by interesting the hearts

of men of feeling, and pampering her fancy man with the produce of their benevolence. The lieutenant moreover protected his person in a privileged place. Finally, he lost his commission, and incurred more debt in Scotland, where he was a noted boaster and bully, the pride of low cyprians on whom he sponged, and the favourite of low fighting fellows. He was engaged in two duels, shot his man after correcting him, condemned all the tradesmen for not continuing to trust him, and made his retreat from Edinburgh *without* all the honours of war; for he neither displayed his colours, nor did he beat the drum or sound the trumpet to proclaim his march. Though he had lost his commission, he now lived

in style in London and at Brighton; Mrs. M. his protectress, raising the wind for him in various ways. Sometimes she was his mistress, sometimes his wife, sometimes the wife or mistress of another. The common manœuvre used to be living expensively at an extravagant hotel; and when the bill was urged, the lieutenant used to disappear; and madam used to write pathetic letters to gentlemen to come and relieve her, her husband having basely deserted her, and left her in pledge for the reckoning. The moment the reckoning was paid, and a little money put in her purse, she used to repair to a place of rendezvous, and commence a new score with her favourite again. At length he got another

commission—an ensigncy, and repaired to a depôt, where, being engaged in an ugly duel, he was tried, condemned to death, but was pardoned, and again lost his commission. Still fancying himself a gentleman, a man of intrigue, and one likely by his beauty to make his fortune at last, he continued his extravagance and conceitedness, living upon women, and sponging upon young subs and greenhorns, till again the paltry mechanics and shop-fellows brought him to, and lodged him in the King's Bench. There the fashionable remedy relieved him, and he was once again at large upon the town, squeezing the ways and means, resources of deceit and infamy, from the poor female who supported him through these vicissi-

tudes, accepting *gratis* favours from other females, knocking down waiters, and breaking glasses, by way of getting rid of his reckoning at taverns, and entering into all kinds of schemes to feed and clothe himself like a man of fashion. Lastly, by mistake, he wrote down another gentleman's name instead of his own, which the *illiberal* lawyers termed forgery ; for which crime, after being capitally sentenced, he has taken his departure to Botany Bay, to join Captain M——, the polygamist, and other the involuntary emigrants of fashion from London. Presumption, and the pride of beauty, have very nearly twice exalted this character on the gallows. It ought to be a severe and wholesome warning to others ; for

had he learned the salutary lesson

Qui brille au second rang, s'eclipse au premier,

he might have been an honest soldier, like his father, might have fought bravely for his king and country, and have closed his career with honour.

Many more were the characters and histories learned by Mr. M'Tavish during his researches in the police and public offices, but

“Nunc proscribere longum est.”

The black day of reckoning for Mr. M'Rorie now arrived: complicated accounts, partial payments, open credits, confused statements, offsets for business done, letters of no moment construed

into letters on business, visits made, and dinners accepted turned into meetings on legal affairs, common conversations construed into consultations, coaches taken to carry M'Rorie on his own business or pleasure, and the whole charged and recharged, double charged and overcharged, with items and videlicets, to wits, and ditto ditto's, bearing six and eightpence, or thirteen and fourpence, opposite every the most trivial article, were all fought in front, in order to form a diversion, by no means diverting to the client; and, added to a gross account, they formed so huge an amount, that the laird's life-interest in his estate would nothing like pay it.

Ruin was now in view. What could

be done? The chief was on the point of sinking under these difficulties; but his friend forsook him not. It was resolved not to pay so enormous an account, to scrutinize every article, to litigate to the utmost, until justice could be obtained; and in order to protect Mr. M'Tavish's person, Ogle got an affluent merchant, who relied on the captain's inviolable honour, and established exactitude and integrity, to join him in bailing the laird to any amount; whilst the most eminent counsel and attorney were engaged to extricate him, if possible, from the snares into which he had fallen.

The colonel recovered but slowly, and had more than one relapse; for the

loss of blood which he had sustained was considerable, and his fever was very high. The chief did not feel wholly appeased by the wound which he had inflicted, and was sternly unforgiving of the insult offered to his name, by the colonel's having passed off Susan for his mistress. This thought often made him pensive and sullen, and often deprived him of rest; nay, nothing would induce him to inquire after the colonel's health, or to say (in return for many humiliations and peace-offerings) that he had forgiven his antagonist. Captain Ogle proposed a reconciliation; but the highlander would not hear of it.

The party now passed their evenings together in the utmost harmony, and

could now converse on subjects, which, when things wore a more gloomy appearance, they dared not name. Epsom races, for instance, the primary cause of bloodshed, battle, anger, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, was dispassionately discussed. The four-horse club was also made a subject of conversation. After a few preliminary remarks, Susan thus detailed the names and appearance of those of its members who had been pointed out to her by the colonel, with the general observations which she had heard made on the day of their splendid turn-out. Apologizing for her want of knowledge in coachmanship, only being the female reporter of what passed, she spoke nearly as follows:

“ Of the four-horse club, called by some the four-in-hand club, all I can state is, that the leader was Mr. C. Buxome, whom I took for a hackney-coachman, so well had he imitated the dress, the appearance, and the genuine accent of the vulgar tongue. He drove four brown horses, in order to prove that he had studied something in his life, namely, driving his team, which might therefore be called a brown study.

“ Sir Jonathan Rogero, Bart. next followed with black and all blacks : they were purchased of some of the black legs ; and he had an elegant little device on his mail, namely, the *hand*, which distinguishes the baronet, with a figure

of four in the centre. How simple and witty!

“ Sir Flimsy Rag, simple knight, followed next with bays: laurels he had never earned, although he was long clad in scarlet and gold. His four half-bred tits showed a comical *cross* in their pedigree. They were low of stature, and mean in appearance, and were named Ways and Means, Picture Dealer, Annuitant, and Turn Coat.

“ Sir Bangup Geton, Bart. was next in rotation, with four thorough bred horses in high condition.

“ Mr. H--mph--y B--tt--r was the next, with four beautiful grey mares.

Motto: The grey mare's the better horse.

“ Mr. M'Q——, with four long-eared Arabians: they were mistaken for another breed; but they performed in very good style. Mr. M'Q. had the true *obi* hat, and looked as blackguardly on the occasion as he could reasonably desire.

“ Mr. Th—nh—l—, four hackneys, ill put together; but being spavined all in the same leg, they were excellent matches.

“ Major P——y was last but one; but though nearly “last not least in (his) dear love.”

“ Lord Rooke and his duns were much missed; and Martinus Scribblerus, his honourable brother, who is called Bold Martin in the Break-neck Club, and who writes impromptu nonsense, was loudly called for, but in vain: his name was added to the fashionable emigrants of the country. Brass fronts to harness and drivers were very prevalent.

“ Polygam Convict, Esq. was also more missed by the spectators than by the club. A number of the members were confined by indisposition, but more were confined in the King’s Bench and Fleet prisons.

“ Sir Jacky Jehew sent an apology

that he had broken down ; but it was rumoured that his master coach-maker could not spare him.

“ A number of witty devices in Greek and Latin were sported on the occasion : the Greek were confined to the Greeks alone ; the Latin were the mottoes of mere schoolboys.

“ The prevailing colour for the mails was brimstone, out of compliment, it is thought, to the females who are attached to the club, or to the place they are driving to. One landau-vis was French grey, in compliment to the driver's mistress. The whole turn-out was so coachman-like, so completely bang-up, that a toast was proposed at

dinner by a brother whip, which was, ' May every gentleman turn out a coachman.' This was drank with enthusiasm, and with all the honours of coachmanship, such as three cracks of the whip, and a spit through the teeth to clear out for yea yip! my boys!"

Susan's spirited account was much applauded by the party assembled, who made, as it were, but one family, and they separated in the utmost good-humour.

Mr. M'Tavish had now been three weeks in town, and he began to rise above his difficulties, and to be a man of weight, not only in the hotel,

but in many parts of the town. The colonel had felt the heavy weight of his resentment; the waiters had felt the full weight of his highland oak twig; Mr. Stevens had felt the weight of his metal, for he had paid the bill; whilst the weight of his arguments did not go for nothing in the quarter of George Street, Blandford Street, Queen Street, Crawford Street, et cetera.

About this time, too, the coffee-room bucks and hoaxers had become a little shy, and acted as other game does which has smelt powder and flies from the report of fire-arms; for the report of the desperate wound which the colonel had received produced such an

effect, that neither ruffian nor exquisite, Greek nor Pigeon, drunk or sober, ever now dared to try a quiz upon the old gentleman. Susan also was in perfect tranquillity, and no more advances were made in that quarter. The lace-merchant retreated from the hotel; and the intriguing valet, whenever he caught a glimpse of the laird, flew like chaff before the wind, for fear of losing his ears, which Alister-more had sworn he would cut off. M'Rorie also returned to his allegiance; but it was too late: his accounts had been examined and scouted, and his master and senior partner was threatened with being struck off the list of attornies, whilst the junior understrapper was in continual dread of public exposure, and private

discipline from his conquering chief. In the mean while, the bill was not called for to be discharged, and each party anxiously and fearfully watched the other.

So triumphant was the laird now grown, that in an evening discourse over his bottle, he ventured to prove to Captain Ogle that the untitled Scotch and Irish were the only true nobility in the three kingdoms, and that the English were a parcel of mushrooms, raised by hot-beds and the sun-shine of court-favour. He talked about the M'Donalds and the M'Tavishes, and the M'Nales, et cetera, and about the descendants of the Bruces and the Baliols, of King David, and of Malcolm

Kenmore ; and, in Ireland, of the O's and the Macs, the O'Connors, the kings of Connaught, and monarchs of all Ireland, about the kings of Munster and Ulster, and of the M'Dermots, princes of Coleraine, and the O'Rourkes, princes of Brefny, *cum multis aliis*. "Whereas," said he, "your English nobility are all men of yesterday : and such names again ! Smiths, and Taylors, and Coopers ; and I don't know what. Here you have a Lord Tyrconnel who is a carpenter, a Jack Daw's son who is Earl of Portarlington, a Marquis of Headford who is a taylor, an Earl of Blessington who is a gardiner : besides, you have a Freak, a Lawless, and a Flower, Greys, and Browns, and Whites, and almost every trade and co-

lour which you can name, an indisputable proof of the low origin of their ancestors, and of the cross in the breed from our East and West India possessions, as also of the unseemly alliances of these families. As for me, I am proud to say that I never had a tradesman or a man of colour in my whole breed and generation. No, Mr. Ogle, give me your grand territorial appellations and warrior-like distinctions, your Clan Alpins, and Clan à Buys, your Glen Garries, your Glen Fallachs, Glen Eagles, Glen Lions, Glen Turrets, Glen Aulins, with your Strath, Loch, and mountain names, all indicative of greatness, of lofty origin, of mighty hunters and warriors ; why, I would as soon be a stay-maker as a taylor, or a

Jenkinson, or any of these *little* nobility."

Here the laird got extremely *hautain*, filled his glass three times, drank to himself, and fell fast asleep in his chair. It would have been a dangerous thing for any man of new-fangled title, modern family, or monosyllable name, to have rood on his toe at this juncture.

CHAPTER VI.

ON the following day Mr. Bathos Impotent sent his respects to the laird and to the ladies, requesting their acceptance and perusal of some new poems, from which the following extracts were recited, the whole being too silly and too voluminous even for remark :

“ If sins are pardon’d, we may mercy claim,
Then scorn, my Emma, scorn malignant fame.
Imparadised on earth within those arms,
Hell’s fears are vain, scarce heaven itself has
 charms.

Mine is no dotard’s tremulous desire,
But passion such as death alone can tire.
Fine feelings tend to irritate distress,
Love will destroy us when it cannot bless.

Then self-consumed the soul will waste away,
Brooding o'er vanish'd hopes, to grief a prey.
The blighted flower of love forestalls its doom,
While reptiles revel on its canker'd bloom.
Come, then, thy wishes spurn, disown controul,
Embrace me, love me, satisfy my soul."

Here the laird shook his head, and
looked angry, but he proceeded, observing, however, that there was in these lines much, very much against church and state.

The next leaf which he turned up contained—

—"We are but flies that buz, without a name,—
The same recurrence of unmeaning nights,
The sameness too of sorrows and delights.
The heartlessness of man, trite themes indeed,
Make life itself no better than a weed !
Cast on the shore, we lay awhile, anon

Oblivion's wave returns, and we are gone!
O! thou immortal one that dwell'st alone,
Excessive brightness darkening round thy throne!
Midst all my follies, let me bend my knee,
And ask forgiveness (gracious God) of thee!"

He observed, of the first line, that if the author were but a fly, he should not buz about his Susan, and that if he had him between his fingers he would show him a fly's trick. Lastly, he came to—

"One summer's eve, when lingering light,
Half melting into shades of night,
Mellow'd our fancies, as we walked,
On Richmond's banks, and softly talked:
'Thou wert the Lady of the Lake,
And I thy bard for fancy's sake.
O such a night-scene ne'er was known:
We seem'd to be on earth alone!
A breathless feeling, a suspense
Of life, a quietude intense
Prevailed around us in that hour."

“That’s better,” said he; “but bad’s the best; and by my name and ancestors, I’ll call him out for trying to corrupt *our* daughter.”

Captain Ogle convinced his highland friend that no harm was meant; that Mr. Bathos Impotent was very gay but very innocent; that his amorous enterprises were confined to loose fish, who wished to have a port under their *Lee*, or any port in a gale, red port or white, or any adulteration or fabrication of spirits, provided the animal spirits could be recruited thereby. And Mr. Bathos Impotent, like a true Apollo, *qui lucit omnibus*, was accustomed to shine before these frail ones alone, more *suaviter in modo* than *fortiter in re*.

The laird was appeased with this statement: he only exclaimed "Puir deevil!" then dined, got warm and sentimental, and accompanied Captain Ogle to the play. The warmth of the weather, the closeness of a summer's theatre, (for summer is winter and winter summer in London: it was now late in May, yet high winter season in town), the fumes of two bottles of port, and the pride of the highlands, would have set old Glenturret all wrong again, but for his youthful mentor, who took care of a man old enough to be his father, or, as the Irishman said, to be two of his fathers. On entering the theatre, he perceived his *quondam* sweetheart, his *ci-devant* admirer; and

she looked so bewitching, so highly dressed, so loving, that M'Tavish regretted the slight which he had shown her ; and had he been alone, he would have again sacrificed his last farm for her good graces. The presence of the prudent Ogle kept him within bounds ; but pride, imperious pride, could not allow such a splendid enchantress to pass unnoticed. " Don't she look weel ?" said M'Tavish to the captain. A shrug of the shoulders was the only answer. " I say lovely," whispered the laird in a *solo voce* tone. " Hoo are ye the naight ?" She had Lord Wainscoat by the arm—the support of tottering cyprians. He looked like a figure stuck against the wall ; but he

was real flesh and blood—what the French call “*a milord pôt au feu*” to more than one fallen fair.

The enchantress looked round : she frowned, she stared, she smiled, “as in scorn.” The laird repeated his kind enquiry. She burst out into a horse-laugh. “Who is that Ostragoth?” said mylord, disdainfully. “A madman,” replied the lady, “who has followed me about for a month, with all his extravagances; and made love, and who, I hope, will one day hang himself in his garters; for I’ll be hanged if ever I have any thing to say to the monster.” “Monster yourself,” exclaimed the enraged chief, “and worthy of hanging! Who paid your debts? Who rescued you

from prison? Who——” Here Ogle took him forcibly away, assuring him that the woman was not worthy of his notice, and that a riot in the lobby would expose him, without answering any useful purpose whatever.

As he bore away the Highlander by force, he heard the insipid lord say, “a non-descript by this light! He is half bear, half Scotchman! What a concern!” The laird sulked out the rest of the evening, and retired to bed. And what, gentle reader, what could make this gentle dame so disdainful to a former successful swain? She had been through the hands of John Doe again: the peer had bailed; and bail ’em (not Balaam, or even his ass) is acceptable

after that ceremony. John Doe had let madame into the secrets of the laird's encumbrances ; and she now perceived that he was an unknown, rough, rugged, disgusting piece of highland rock. Out upon such a lover!

The colonel was mending slowly : and it may be natural to ask what were Susan's sentiments respecting him. She had first been dazzled with parade, and intoxicated with fashion : his attentions pleased her ; his preference made her proud ; his errors she considered as levity ; his faults she was blind to. But he had forfeited her confidence, outraged her delicacy, and violated the laws of honour and of society. True, he had ; and he had nearly paid

the forfeit with his life; his blood had flowed profusely to wash away his guilt; he had shown disregard of safety, and personal courage in the duel; he had behaved with great magnanimity to her father; when considered at the point of death, he had made her all the restitution in his power; and he had shewn by the tenor of his will, that he not only loved her, but also esteemed her: his fault had been great; but his punishment had also been great: in a word, she pitied him, and pity is a sentiment closely allied to love, for as Tasso tells us in his *Aminta*—

*La pietta messaggiera è de l'amore
Com, e il lampo del Tuono—*

*As lightning's vivid flash so bright and clear,
Clad like a herald, shews proud thunder near,*

So tender pity's soft emotions prove
The quick arrival of approaching love.

Susan pitied him ; she sorrowed over his sufferings ; and shed many a silent tear unobserved, and in secret, at the time when he was thought to be in danger. She did more ; she sent oftentimes to enquire after his health ; but, with an injunction imposed on the messenger, not to name the kind enquirer. On his part, he felt, with returning conscience, increased affection. She was the incessant companion of his thoughts : in the intervals betwixt delirium, and the extreme and acute pain arising from his wound, she was ever uppermost in his mind. He wished to know how she felt, whether she had forgiven, whether she pitied him.

To his uncle, for whom he had sent, when in danger, he had often named her; but the old gentleman never indulged him by entering into conversation on the subject: he merely reprobated his conduct in the harshest terms, telling him that he deserved to be hanged for his unmanly behaviour to an unprotected female, and always ended by calling him a disgrace to his family. This the proud colonel would not have brooked before his fall; but sufferings and self-reproach are great humblers of pride: the colonel calmly submitted to merited although severe reproach; and what mortified him the most, was the uncle's always changing the subject, and abruptly cutting him off when Susan was the theme; for fain would he

have dwelt on one so dear to his imagination.

As soon as the state of his health permitted him he wrote to Susan ; but here pride and filial duty had the ascendancy over every other feeling : she returned the letter unopened. A second and a third shared the same fate. Next he had recourse to stratagems : he bribed the chamber-maid to watch Miss M'Tavish, to inform him if she went out much, whether she was grave or gay, whether she seemed to feel for his situation, what she did, how she looked, with a thousand trivialities dear to anxious, doubtful, and solicitous love, for, as Ovid says,

Res est sollicita plena timoris amor.

All these enquiries proved satisfactory to the colonel: he found that she was sad, that she took his sufferings to heart, that she was pensive, that the servant more than once observed her in tears. He now every day sought some means of bringing himself to her notice. He got the bribed female to mention him: Susan sighed, made no answer, and left the room. He found out that she subscribed to a circulating library: he got the waiter to bring him the books which she used to read, wrote his name, or short quotations, as original verses, in the margins; in short he adopted a thousand devices to gain notice from the object of his love.

He learned from his faithful emissary that the stratagem had taken

effect. Susan was watched perusing the lines : she cut them out of the margin of the book ; and was seen to put them in her bosom : she also dropped a tear upon the book ; in consequence of which the colonel purchased it when she sent it back to the library, and treasured it up as the most valuable memorial of Susan's regard. Emboldened by this, he again ventured to send a letter ; but it was returned ; for, although Susan suffered severely in the conflict, she was still firm in duty, firm in rigid virtue : she had once been giddy, dazzled, and elated ; but cool reason now having returned, maintained its undivided empire in her heart. The poor colonel was now *au bout de son latin* : his resources and stratagems were wholly

exhausted ; and he sat down in improving health, without improving hope.

One morning when the family was at breakfast, the waiter announced the visit of Sir Hugh Bergamotte, the colonel's uncle. He was desired to walk up. The folding doors opened, and a severe-looking, tall, proud, athletic man sternly entered the apartment. He cast his first glance on Susan with an imperious air, and a gloominess which chilled her ; then dropped his eye-lash as if refusing to contemplate her farther. She arose, trembled, felt a tear intruding on her eye-lash, and timidly withdrew. The baronet appeared as if her absence pleased him. " That's my daughter, Sir Hugh," said Mrs. M'Ta-

vish. "I know it, madam," replied the baronet, in a strong inharmonious commanding tone: then looking less haughtily at the chieftain, who on his part stood boldly erect, and proudly distant, he reached himself a chair, and sat down.

Susan, who had retired to her room, conceived that the uncle's hatred arose from her being the cause of his nephew's dangerous wound, and she in consequence burst into a flood of tears. Mrs. M'Tavish shortly left the room and followed her daughter, indignant at the ferocity of Sir Hugh, and filled with sentiments of anger towards both him and his nephew. The laird felt unsated vengeance, family pride, pa-

ternal tenderness, and emulous importance arise in his bosom. The two characters viewed each other for awhile: at last M'Tavish broke silence, by saying—"Your business to me, Sir Hugh de Bergamotte?"

It is common when the mind is involved in trouble, and bitterness of thought, when an injury is felt, or when an injury is to be repaired, that the speaker who has to open the business seeks the aid of some foreign subject to preface the painful parley, and to give time to open the matter gently, and by degrees. Not so with the proud spirit: its thoughts fly with the wings of lightning: speech is brief, delivery is abrupt: no preface, no trope or figure,

no extraneous matter, or expletive civilities, are the gentle harbingers, the polished *avant couriers* of the stern purpose: straight to the point is then the plan. So was it with Sir Hugh: he felt shame for his nephew's conduct; and he began in a loud key, in an unpleasing tone. But ere we detail his message, or rather his speech, we must give his character, that he may be afterwards the better understood; and that this strange conduct of his may receive that explanation which may tend to throw a true light upon the subject.

Sir Hugh de Bergamotte was of a very old and illustrious Norman family, famous in arms, and not less remark-

able for family pride. At an early period of life Sir Hugh had entered the army, and was deeply enamoured of a Spanish woman before he became of age: the most violent love and the most perfect devotion characterized his passion for her. She was lovely; she seemed to return it; he forfeited the regard of his whole family; he disobeyed a parent; he lost all but his large entailed property, which came to him at his father's death, by marrying her. In fine, he braved the displeasure of his family; he was narrowed in his allowance; he submitted to various privations, and exiled himself from his country for her; he retrenched every expense to make her comfortable; he left society to make her appear with

some degree of elegance ; he devoted every thing to her.

He had one friend, a brother officer, who was his only associate, the depository of all his secrets, the intimate companion of his retirement ; in fine, the only friend of his house. With him Sir Hugh shared his purse ; and as he was treated like an adopted brother, his intimacy and familiarity with the lovely donna was no way suspected. Sir Hugh frequently placed her under his protection when obliged to be absent himself, and the most unbounded confidence was reposed in him. The friend was a false one ; the donna was unfaithful ; Sir Hugh was dishonoured.

Having set his heart on one only object, he grew distracted at her deception ; he tore himself from his perfidious wife, slew his friend in a duel, left the army in disgust, and has ever since lived in the utmost seclusion and retirement. The donna ended her days in a convent ; but Sir Hugh never since could be persuaded either to enter the married state, or to enter into female society. Sullen, silent, and broken-hearted, he seems like a pilgrim on earth, and has completely changed his disposition, though not his heart.

Frequently when a distressed mendicant, surrounded by starving children, would solicit alms at his gate, he would

upbraid them with their folly in seeking for happiness in the married state : “ What right had they to expect to be happy,” used he to say, “ with a stranger, whose disposition was unknown to them ? Why did they wed, or did they not foresee the probability of having a parcel of starving brats ? Out upon such folly and incontinence,” he would cry ; “ get ye from my gates.” Then with a balancing drop of tenderness in his eye, and an execration in his mouth, he would generously relieve them, and turn away in a passion with himself for possessing a vile womanish weakness. His heart particularly clung to little children ; and he used to say, that had they not mothers he could hug them to his breast ; but as it was

he always drove them from him. Yet he fed and clad them. "Give those little reptiles shoes and clothes," would he say to his steward, "and put them to school at my expense; but never let me see them, particularly the deceitful faces of the girls, who may grow up to be harlots."

To outcast females he would cry, "Begone from my sight, you crocodiles. I don't care a straw for your tears; all deceit:" then turning aside to weep himself, he would throw his purse at them, with—"there, ye wretches, take that: go and repent." Yet had he built alms houses on his property, and given more in annual donations than any one in the neighbourhood. But if a

wretched object, relieved by his bounty, ventured into his presence to thank him, it was ten to one but he got a caning. "I hate thanks," he often exclaimed, "and flattery, and such d——d gratitude; it looks like bribing a man to be charitable: my heart thanks itself, and that's all I want."

Never was a good and tender heart so disguised and disfigured as his. Truly might it be said of those who attempted to judge him :

They did not know how hate can burn
In hearts once chang'd from soft to stern.

LORD BYRON'S CORSAIR.

Friends he had none, for he thought that no friend could be trusted; yet

was he loved and feared by all the neighbourhood. His servants stood in the utmost awe of him; yet did they feel his generosity and indulgence to them. His female servants he never saw; and when his eyes met a beautiful woman, he would turn pale, and his heart would sicken within him. He often felt a tender emotion, a benevolent glow, a sympathetic sensation; but he used to drill these feelings into silence, and endeavour to assume an apathetic ferocity.

He had for a time felt extreme affection for his nephew; but his apparent coldness and taciturnity had disgusted the youth; and soon after his extravagance and want of affection dis-

gusted the uncle. He often sent him presents to college; and once was known to pass a sleepless night, whilst the colonel was abroad, and the accounts of the battle of Corunna had not come to hand. Yet when they met he treated him with all the distance of a common acquaintance; and although he was now inwardly anxious for his recovery, he could not forgive him for his unpardonable conduct towards Susan; and he had actually disinherited him when first he heard of his misconduct, but had altered his will again, when he found that he behaved well in the duel, and that he was inclined to make all the restitution in his power.

Such was Sir Hugh de Bergamotte ; such the austere negotiator in a business of the most delicate nature, in an affair which involved the tenderest interest, and in which the most magnanimous sentiments existed, as will hereafter be seen.

CHAPTER VII.

“ You have shot my nephew through the body,” said the baronet with a stern air. Such was the beginning of his speech.

“ I have,” said the laird, with a brow as overclouded and menacing as a thunder gust in a transatlantic clime.

“ If you had shot him through the heart,” continued the misanthropical looking uncle, “ you would only have served him right.”

“ True, and what then?” replied the highland chief, a little *deridé*.

“ Why, as he has survived,” rejoined the baronet, “ restitution is what our house owes you.”

“ And my house scorns to accept it,” said the mountaineer. “ I would not receive a favour, a pecuniary assistance, a present, as a tribute to injured honour ; no, not for crowns and sceptres.”

“ And you are right,” replied the baronet : “ there is no repairing injured honour ; I know it well : blood (uttered in a furious tone) is the only price, and you have had it.” Here he looked grave ; breathed thick : the colour left and flushed in his face thrice ; and he was forced to pause for a minute before he could proceed.

The highlander looked firm, fixed, and war-like the while, thinking that at last another duel was to ensue.

“ My scape-grace nephew,” resumed he, “ has acted like a man in this duel.”

“ He has,” said the laird.

“ But he has,” continued the baronet, “ obtruded letters on your daughter since, and I am very angry at it.”

“ And so am I,” exclaimed the highlander, full of pride ; “ but my Susan has rejected them.”

“ I know it,” said the other, “ and I respect her for it.”

“ And I love her for it,” exclaimed the father with an air of great triumph.

“ The young rascal has been trying to talk to me about her ; but I would not hear him ; I would not gratify him so far.”

The mountain laird looked wild.

“ I see his drift,” continued the baronet ; “ but I like to punish him. He has a good fortune, and I have a better ; but I would not be the bearer of *his* impertinent proposal for the world.”

M^cTavish looked savage.

“ I hate all women.”

The laird prepared in his own mind to show fight.

“ But if your daughter would accept of *my* proposal” — (amazement) — “ not for myself, but for my penitent reprobate of a nephew, I will settle most handsomely on them.” The highlander could not find utterance. The would-be misanthropist knew it, and gloried in his embarrassment: he could almost have smiled.

“ My daughter is not rich,” said M‘Tavish.

“ I know it,” answered the colonel’s uncle.

“ I am even involved, and my estates are under mortgage.”

“ So much the better,” said the baronet.

“ Why?”

“ Because I shall be able to pay off the debt and relieve you,” said Sir Hugh, again looking benevolently, but again resuming a severe countenance, and adding, “ and shall convince you of your want of knowledge of the world.”

“ But Susan’s inclinations must not be forced.”

“ By no means: consult her; and

if she does not consent, it is not my fault. Good day to you, Sir."

The highlander was ready to hug him to his heart ; but pride met pride, and he refrained—" Good day to you, Sir Hugh." They rose ; they stood erect : the highland chief inclined towards him ; the old Norman drew back, and retreated : he returned however from the door : he held out his hand to the other : their grasp was the grasp of friends *à la vie, a la mort* : their grapple was a struggle betwixt the overflowing of the milk of human kindness, and the powerful swelling of pride, the flow of human weakness : they met, and were ready to embrace ; bosom touched bosom ; pulse beat time

to pulse ; but they tore themselves asunder ; and, as the baronet went down stairs, he almost tumbled over a dog ; but he gave him a kick, and cried “ Damn the brute ! ” This relieved him mightily : then turning to the poor cur, he patted him on the head ; and, snarling at the waiter, exclaimed, “ Why the devil, Sirrah ! don’t you keep these nuisances out of a man’s way ? ” The waiter prepared to strike him with a napkin which he held under his arm ; the baronet raised his cane, and defended him : “ Don’t touch the dog,” said he : “ it is your fault, and perhaps a little mine, that he came in my way : be kind to the poor animal, and (in a mild and altered tone of voice) be so good as to tell

Mr. M'Tavish that I hope to hear from him to-morrow."

What a piece of business was here! what a triumph of benevolence over pride! The baronet looked about him, as if ashamed of his goodness, and slipped off as if he had committed a crime.

When the highland chief had recovered from his emotion, and had sent for his wife and daughter, he resolved to try Susan's feelings as to the strength of her attachment to the colonel. He therefore resolved to hide his joy, to stifle the triumph which reigned in his heart and mind, and to dissemble with his daughter. Susan returned, pale and agitated, to the room; he took her in

his arms, and his heart smote him ; he could scarcely execute his design ; but yet, as it was so important to her future happiness that she should not deceive herself or him, respecting her decision, he ventured to do violence to his feelings for a permanent benefit. He briefly stated to Mrs. M'Tavish and Susan, that the old baronet had informed him of his nephew's attachment for Susan (her eyes glistened with pleasure) ; that the colonel, in his most severe sufferings, and when considered at the point of death, raved about her (a tear stole from her eyelid) ; but that—(surprize) he was sorry to say—(anxious doubt and emotion), that an old family interest—(alarm and trepidation) had induced him—(suspended respira-

tion) to design him for another. She sunk apparently lifeless on the floor. Here the laird struck his head; cried "Susan, my Susan; no, it is no such thing; I hate myself for deceiving you;" whilst Mrs. M'Tavish flounced about as if she had lost her senses.

"A better alliance, indeed, than the M'Tavish's!" cried she at length, in a violent tone: "a pretty insult to our house! A mercenary old wretch what would he have for his paltry nephew? A king's daughter, I suppose?"

After a long time, the laird appeased and undeceived his wife; but Susan had suffered too severely in the conflict, and she was carried delirious to bed.

“ There !” said the old man ! “ there ! I am justly punished for departing one moment from truth. I thought that *dulce est dicipere in loco* ; but sacred truth is not to be violated. Honour, justice, and candour, should be preserved in their original purity and integrity ; and virtuous feeling, sensitive innocence, are not to be sported with. What a wretched old man am I, wounded by my own hand, who but a few moments back was the happiest of mortals ! Oh ! Susan, Susan, this heart will break if I lose thee !” He who has had a friend who alone could solace him in the hour of extreme distress will not wonder that the mountaineer thought on Ogle, and meditated sending for him in this hour of affliction ; but then

the cause was so delicate and perplexing; he had just fixed upon a measure which was to wound his feelings, and to blast his hopes for ever respecting his daughter, whose love the estimable Ogle had merited again and again, but had never won. What was to be done? Happy chance produced it.

Ogle arrived, and appeared in this trying juncture. He asked the cause of the disturbed appearance of his friend. He unbosomed himself to him; but when he came to name the prospective union and happiness of the colonel and his daughter, a subject so painful and delicate, he scarcely knew how to proceed. Ogle, in the noblest manner, facilitated the subject; assured him

that however tenderly attached to Susan, it was that attachment which preferred her good to his happiness ; and although he never could forget her one moment, or seek felicity with another, yet would he convert his love into so brotherly a mould, that he should think it a sacred duty to promote the match by every means in his power. With respect to the colonel, he said that he was now absolved in his eyes ; for what could he do more than repent, and make restitution ; and, finally, observed that the alliance and fortune were such, --but ten thousand times above all, such was Susan's affection for the colonel, that he strongly advised the match. He suggested the idea of sending for Bergamotte, and for breaking

the matter to Susan by degrees, as the most likely means to recall the spark of reason, which he hoped was only momentarily obscured.

At this instant, a letter, breathing the most boundless tenderness and disinterestedness, arrived from the colonel; and it was agreed that it should be taken to Susan, bearing a request to see him. The letter was previously read by her father, but she was not yet able to bear the shock.

The next morning, however, the business was broken to her, and she consented to see her lover.

“Go into her room,” said the high-

lander to Ogle ; “ for thou art a father and a brother to us all.”

“ No,” replied Ogle, “ no division of sentiment ; let love be satisfied, and friendship will be resigned.”

The laird felt the force of the remark ; it sunk deep into his soul ; and had he consulted his personal feeling only, he would have preferred Ogle to any son-in-law in the world. The baronet’s accustomed morning inquiries came, accompanied by a haunch of venison. This the laird liked, and he liked the kind attention too.

“ Dine with me to-day, my boy,” said he to Ogle.

“With pleasure,” replied Ogle; “but only on condition that you have no stranger.”

“Agreed,” said the laird; and at this moment the colonel, weak, pale, emaciated, and full of humility, appeared. *Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore.*

But the laird was no Achilles; he was no proud nor cruel Greek; he now flew to meet him, overwhelmed him with kindness, and placed him on his right hand. Perish the ensanguined ruffian, who, in the hour of triumph, and in the black intoxication of revenge, can deck his conquering car with prostrate greatness, with valour overcome by superior force, or with fettered free-

dom, thus made the sport of lawless tyranny! The laird's mighty thirst for satisfaction was now slaked, and he fain would have thrown in some life-blood drops from his own warm but stubborn heart to equipoise the scale. Ogle behaved like a hero and a man on the appearance of his rival: he waved all selfish feeling, and bowed to his superiority in love: his own feeling was unequalled in worth and fidelity.

The lover was introduced to his mistress, the martyr to his crime—bent, humbled, and faint, who will attempt to paint the meeting? Let us pause; suppose the rest; and leave the highlander and the peerless Englishman to dine together.

“ I’ll not ask the colonel to dine with us,” said M’Tavish.

“ Pray do, if you please,” replied the valued friend of the house.

“ No,” said the laird; and this no had a thundering nasal sound, a dictatorial, finally determined emphasis, which defied reply. “ No, nothing shall violate the hallowed hall of friendship, universal in its feeling, but confined to one in its grateful application ; say no more.”

Ogle and his friend passed a most comfortable day together. Every prospect was now brightening ; and a sum of money was borrowed, which took

M'Tavish out of the hands of the rapacious M'Rorie, who was forbidden the house. A bill of equity was filed against the attorney, and justice was now administering in all quarters. Susan speedily recovered, and the flush of health glowed on her damask cheek. Extensive preparations were making for the marriage, and it was settled that it should take place in town. The young couple were to proceed immediately to the seat of Sir Hugh, where they were to be joined by the laird and his lady. Thence the whole family, with the exception of the baronet, was to go to the Highlands, and to pass three months in the romantic scenery of lake and mountain, in the land of the purple heather, in the nursery

of heroes, those hardy and enduring mountaineers, whose cool and patient courage, and whose sturdy arms, have gathered in such harvests of glory for the British flag.

Sir Hugh had made the most generous arrangements for the happiness of the family ; and the highland laird, who had paid dear for little more than three weeks residence at Stevens's, and for his visit to London, with the view of showing the world to his daughter, now saw himself about to be disincumbered entirely, and to start anew, as it were, in life again, when a singular occurrence took place, as unexpected as creditable to the national character.

It has been too much the habit with those who affect to despise family name, and who, by possessing cosmopolitan principles, identify themselves with no country, to adopt the principles which tell us

“ So little slave to what the world calls fame ;
“ As dies my body, so I wish my name.”

Not so with the highlander : all is family pride, the fame of their house, legendary tale, musty but precious record, nationality, nay, even locality—the red scar and the grey cairn, the lofty mountain, or narrow craggy pass, the burn, the rippling stream, that particularizes their boundary or domain, the fern, or heather bow, the gaul, or yellow broom, the larch, or oaken

branch, which are the distinctive ornaments of the bonnet in time of war, the pibroch, and gathering of their clan, the family stripe which characterizes that clan, all have power omnipotent over the highland heart and mind.

In acts of government, and in asserting independence, the Englishman towers above the world; but in the various links and associations of domestic life, as well as in the battle-field, the highlander is more national, more a character standing alone — in fine, more himself.

Whilst the transactions we have recorded were going on at Stevens's, the dishonour attempted to be fixed on an

old mountain family, the duel in which M'Tavish was concerned, and the dilapidation of his fortune, had reached his neighbours and his clan ; and the laird of Glen Aulin, the laird of Stath Allan, Roderic M'Tavish of Ben Glomen, one of the clan, had all set out to offer their swords and purses to their neighbour, their kinsman, and their clansman. Broadwords leaped out of their scabbards which had not seen the light for twenty years ; and highland pistols were polished up and oiled which had for generations been objects of ornament and not of use, and which had lain like dormant titles in the rust of time and inutility of application. The party was composed of these northern plants, accompanied by the faithful do-

mestics of the family of M'Tavish, who had trudged on foot, to shew their adherence and attachment to the head of the clan (as they supposed) under altered circumstances, and in the day and hour of trial.

When they arrived at Stevens's, the garrison of fops and idlers turned out to look at them, and would have had plenty of mirth and ridicule at their expense; but they began to find that the highland character is not to be sported with for nothing, and that it was too rough to be handled by polished fingers, without suffering by the touch. Broad eyes were alone opened, and the party, resembling a Venetian masquerade in carnival time, was ushered in

and announced in form. The laird was now himself again : he felt strength in every highland heart : he fancied himself again surrounded by the force and consequence of his house. There were many greetings and exchanges of friendly hug, gripe, and embrace ; many a grappling of heart to heart, and riveting of hand to hand ; many a flushed cheek, tearful eye, and increased action of the blood vessels ; many an assurance of sincere regard, and stern threat to avenge any insult offered to their native mountains.

The laird was delighted to inform his friends that all was right again, and that the power of his house was likely to increase. He introduced the incom-

parable Ogle, and presented his intended son-in-law to them. They only regretted that he was not a Mac, and that he had not a more Herculean appearance; but the laird of Glen Aulin, whose silver locks had been tossed about in many an affray, observed that he was a fine enough lad, and that he dared to say in time the child would make a good enough man.

“Can you shoot any?” added he to the colonel. The colonel answered in the affirmative.

“That’s well; but I think we shall try your sinues a little over our mountains,” concluded he, with an air of pity and of triumph.

The festive board was prepared; the merry dance ensued; many a tale of old times was recounted; and many a superstitious story, handed by oral tradition down to the family long before the use of printing, was repeated, and credited in spite of its improbability. Susan looked herself again, and was like the Ellen of the Lady of the Lake: every eye beamed on her; every heart greeted her as she passed; every one was eager to dance with the chieftain's daughter. Her light figure bounded before them in the highland reel, like the active roe, springing through wild flowers, which she scarcely bruises with her hoof. All was heart-felt pleasure, unassumed and becoming mirth. Ogle was delighted: he had never witnessed

such a scene before ; nay, even the exquisite Bergamotte began to think that there could be mirth without dissipation, enjoyment without extravagance, and pleasure without being confined to St. James's, or to the high circles of fashion. The evening ended most joyfully ; and it was resolved that these true and tried friends should spend a few days in town in the laird's hotel, and at his expense, and that they should see the curiosities of London previous to their return home.

The laird could now show them the town without fear of loss or exposure ; for experience had made him learned. He might say "*Ictus piscator sapit :*" he was not to be taken by a fly or any

other gaudy insect. The following day was Sunday : Kensington Gardens were to be the object of attraction : but the visit there was under better conduct, and under happier omen, than was that of M'Tavish.

The ultra-montaine party were delighted with what they had seen in London, and were preparing to return home, filled with such a store of information as would give to each of them the importance of a man who had seen the world. Each of them was now destined to be the luminary of his sphere, the irradiator of his circle, whilst the petty untravelled lairds would revolve round them on their re-appearance in the highlands like planetary

bodies. The preparations for Susan's marriage were at the same time gaining progress upon a large scale; and Sir Hugh was making munificent provision for the young couple, and had completely disencumbered the M'Tavish estates. Just about this time Mr. Specious got struck off the roll of attornies for his mal-practices; and the insidious M'Rorie fell with him.

The colonel's health, however, remained but weak: the shock had been great, and his former dissipated habits had ill fitted him to sustain it. The happy day at length arrived,

the great, the important day,
Big with the fate of Susan and of love.

The gordian knot was tied. Captain Ogle requested to be permitted to give Susan away, which he did, with great firmness and dignity, but not without evident emotion. The scene was most interesting, most *attendrissant*: the hardy chieftain dropped tears of joy; Susan's agitation was great: and the stern children of the mountain catching the infection, melted, as did the heroes of old, who, we are told by the immortal Homer, though fierce in fight were not exempt from the melting mood. It was, as that author described, when through their ranks

——— “ the soft contagion ran,
“ One universal tender show’r began;
“ They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.”

We are not in epithalamic mood;

neither, perhaps, are our readers : we leave that task to abler hands. We *may not* paint the scene of mutual tenderness, which might be expected on such an occasion : we shall only observe, that the happy couple now proceeded in the van, whilst the highland troops brought up the rear, journeying to the land of the purple heather, blue bell, yellow broom, and evergreen gaul, which we forgot upon a former occasion to inform our lowland perusers is the wild myrtle of Caledonia.

Sir Hugh had ended his task ; and, having joined the young couple's hands, he withdrew ; for mirth was hateful to the “ gloomy habit of his soul.”—
“ Here,” said he, “ I must retire : may

ye be happy ! if happiness be in wedlock ; and (turning to Susan) if there be truth in woman, it is possessed by thee." Then tearing himself from them with a frown that chid him for unbending for a moment, he made an inclination with his head, and abruptly departed, not without a mist before his eyes, which he concealed with the utmost industry. Poor Sir Hugh was a rich pearl cast away by an unfaithful hand : no bosom ever teemed with more tenderness ; but no external expression could be more harsh, more rude, and more forbidding. He had a pair of doves which he had cherished for many a year ; they had grown old in his house ; one was at the point of death, when he was surprised in his study,

holding the poor panting creature with a damask napkin before the fire, endeavouring by every means to recal suspended respiration: his eyes were wet with tears; but turning to the door where his valet de chambre was about to enter, he gave him a look which froze him. “How dare you enter my study without knocking?” exclaimed he; for he was ashamed of his weakness. The servant listened, and heard him say, “Poor thing, thou art gone I fear, and thy poor mate will not long survive thee. Not so with woman: her widowed love is of no long duration: she, like the elm, when parted from the ivy which has clung to her in affection’s fold, thrives green and comely, whilst the poor ivy droops and dies

upon separation." He was now in a flood of tears, when perceiving the bird quite dead, and resuming his assumed fierceness, he stamped his foot, and cried, "D—n the bird! that a man should be such a beast, such an idiot, as thus to fritter away his feelings and affections: out upon such contemptible womanishness, such unpardonable weakness!" Then ringing his bell furiously, he ordered his horse, and rode off at full speed, in order to break the links of tenderness which composed a chain now about to bear heavily on his heart.

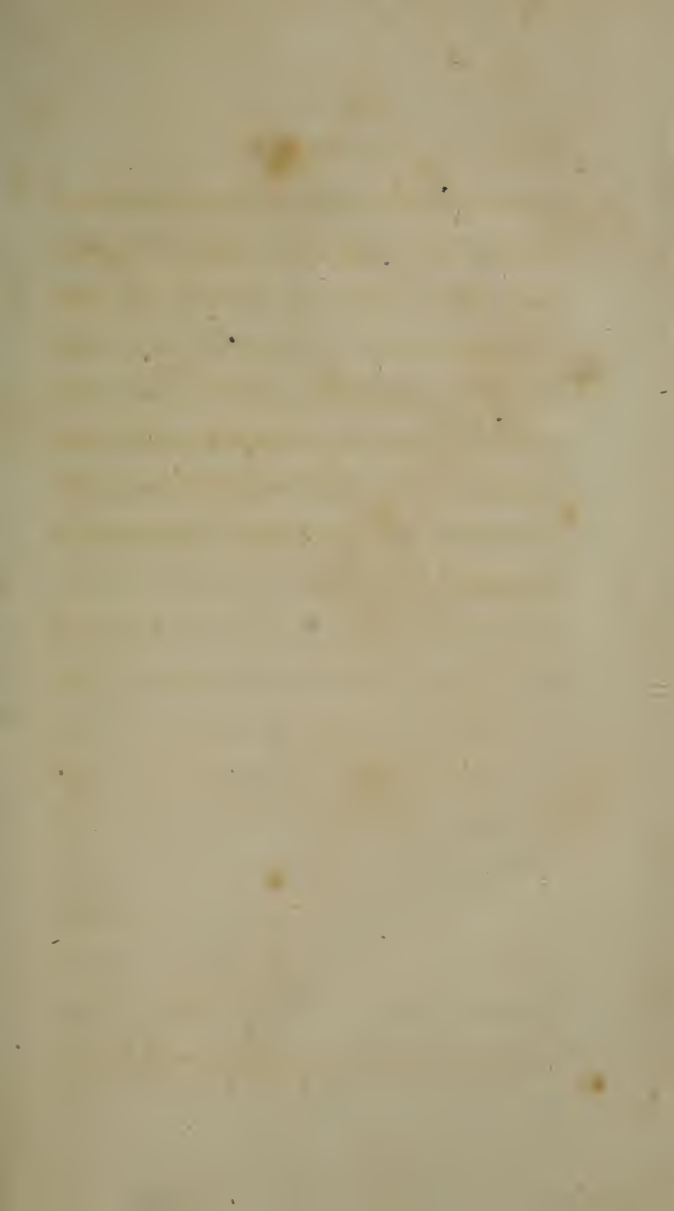
The whole of this day he was peculiarly gloomy; and, as he had predicted, the widowed bird survived her mate but a few days. When he was in-

formed of the event, he said to his servant, " Sirrah ! never let another bird be brought into the house ; and give away all Gipseys's pups. I'll have no favourites here, and be d—d to them : and hark ye, Sir, this day turn out my old charger for life, with a stable to run in and out of during the inclement weather, for fear he break down with me, or turn past his work ; and if I find that any of the groom-boys attempt to ride him after this, I'll cut their ears off." Here we take leave of Sir Hugh. He passed a life of rigorous solitude, and never altered his habits or his situation.

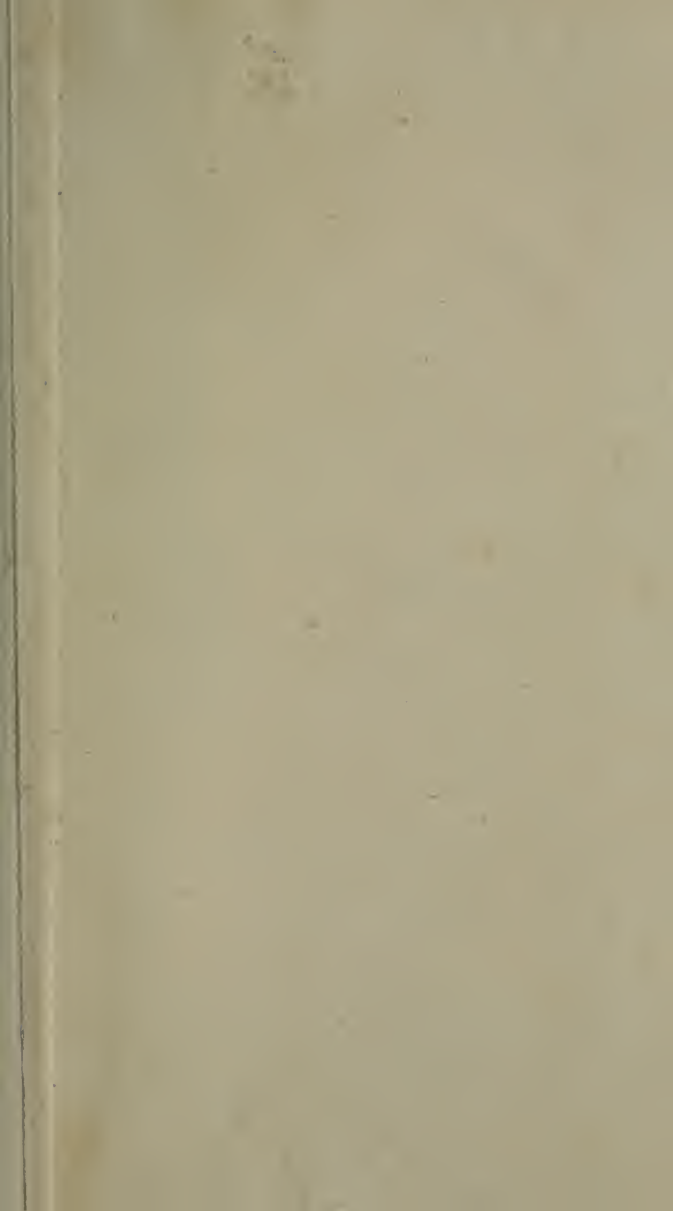
Mrs. M'Tavish had now become a reasonable woman ; she re-assumed the

matron, and started for the highlands in high spirits at leaving the dissipated and ruinous town of London, the *souvenir* of which often brought a blush into her face. But, gentle reader, as we are going to commence another volume, let Mrs. M'Tavish rest in peace, for we are all now going to turn over a new leaf.

END OF VOL. II.









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